

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 27, 1961 35 CENTS

DOWN THE ICE AT 95 MPH!

World Bobsled Championships





enjoy the true
old-style Kentucky Bourbon

always smoother because it's slow-distilled

EARLY TIMES

Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" inserts appear only in the copies of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that go to our friends in the advertising business.

February 27, 1961

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

I venture to say that there are probably as many definitions of "merchandising" as there have been people who have sat down and tried to write something about it or stood up and tried to say something about it.

So with your permission, I would like to add one of mine to the list:

"Merchandising" is any way by which the movement of goods from producer to consumer can be **accelerated**.

Now that I look that over, I don't intend to submit it as a candidate for the Harvard Business School's encyclopedia of immortal economic definitions. But it will serve me very well to speedily point out to you a few instances of hundreds through which (a) the world of sport (b) the sportsmen and sportswomen who inhabit it (c) *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* merchandising, and (d) our astute band of merchandisers themselves have helped speed up the sale of our advertisers' goods and services.

(In passing, I would also like to make the point that there's hardly a product or service in the marketplace that cannot be "tied-in" with sport in some way. We've even sponsored a group of pro football players at a perfume convention and they were a smash hit.)

Dial Soap—interested in selling a premium-priced product to active, influential, and well-off families. But they were also interested in bulk sales. Country clubs, for example. Why not? Shortly after the campaign started, a selected group of a few hundred Club Managers and House Committee Chairmen received a special 12-bar package from Dial and SI, suggesting that the soap used in their homes and advertised in their favorite magazine might be the one they and their fellow-members might like to use at their club. Result—65 bulk orders, 55 from new accounts, in only a few weeks. Said E. J. Drumm, Dial Assistant Brand Manager, "Delighted."

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

Electric Auto-Lite—a new **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** advertiser, desiring to maintain its prestige position in the automotive industry. Answer: to back up the SI campaign to 560,000 families (who already own close to 1,500,000 cars) an authoritative, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**-prepared booklet on Nascar to be distributed at the Daytona Beach meeting and all through the year to all Nascar's thousands of members, dealers, jobbers, interested customers.

Philco—another new advertiser; problem: to get 8,000 dealers excited about the campaign soon to break in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Solution: two vast weekend-long "sports-travagnanzas", one in Las Vegas and one in Miami—featuring exhibitions, clinics, demonstrations, participant activities, headed by a cast of nearly three dozen sport stars, among them Frank Gifford, Duke Snider, Jerry Barber, Pat McCormick, Kyle Rote, Bob Mathias, Karel Fageros, Don Budge, Nancie Rideout, Johnny Weissmuller. Result: quoting from a letter from Bob Urban, Philco's vice-president for marketing, "The finest event of the entire convention." Sidelight: The Las Vegas meeting began a day earlier and the Philco public relations man handling the Miami meeting anxiously called his counterpart to ask how everything was going. "Great," said Las Vegas, "but you better cancel that dealer high-jump event. A little risky."

New England Mutual—obviously interested in selling insurance to families who were live prospects because of their relatively large incomes, large families, and comparatively youthful age. But also how to get their agents conscious of this, and aware of their advertising in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**? A simple pick-the-1960-pennant-races contest, with World Series tickets as the prizes. More than 40% of the agents entered, one of the largest such evidences of interest New England Mutual had ever received.

Ford Motor Company—how to build some local excitement about the 1961 Thunderbird? Almost too easy. One of the rounds at Palm Springs' Desert Classic was played at the Thunderbird course. Suggest that the Thunderbird be made the official car of the tournament. Get more Thunderbirds around than golf carts, even. Make sure that every Ford dealer in Southern California has blow-ups and display material. Result: almost more talk about the Thunderbird than about Don January's \$50,000 hole-in-one.

Sunbeam Shavemaster—how to get dealers interested, in a both-competitive field? A picture booklet of memorable sports photos—"Close Shaves by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and Sunbeam Shavemaster." Result—the sought-for attention, action, sales.

Air India—to remind travel agents that this enterprising airline had added **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to its schedule (and stemming from the fact that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s Sporting Look editors had played an important part in bringing Madras back to sports-wear)—a gift of a handsome Madras necktie, complete with

(continued on back flap of this insert)

Volume 54, Number 5

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Meet This Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay—imaginary island in the Sun

Better than air conditioning—cooling off Cotton Cay style

This beautiful waterfall lies right outside the Pepperell family's island abode. And it provides them with a major source of satisfaction. Susan and Vincent swim in it; while mother (a devoted beachcomber!) regards it as a most satisfactory washing machine for the family's wash-wear sports clothes. Which are tagged Pepperell, of course!

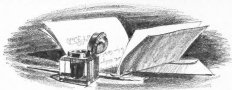
Her reasons are many. She knows these fabrics will live up to what the tag promises. They will

machine-wash. They won't fade, shrink, wilt, or wrinkle. Need just a touch of the iron. And they're "Sanitized Plus" for good measure.

She knows, too, these fabrics are impeccably styled in exotic, new island colors and textures.

Moreover, she has utter confidence in the Pepperell name. And why not? This is the famed New England company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for over 100 years!





The ink has faded on this 48-year-old letter from Ezra Fitch to his customers, but his remarkable policy is very much alive today.

Imagine a store that still treats you like this!

On February 13, 1913, Ezra Fitch, one of the founders of Abercrombie & Fitch, wrote to his customers: "The policy of our house is to make every customer a satisfied customer. In fact, I go farther. I want the friendship of everyone who purchases from us, no matter whether it be a dozen fishhooks or a \$1,000 gun. Therefore my one purpose is to please those who place their confidence in us. I try to give them, in return, a little more than they expect."

"Our first aim in the manufacture and selection of all goods is to be sure that the idea is right, that the article will work right and that the quality will be beyond question. Our next aim is to sell these goods at as low a price as possible."

"If the service we give you is not all you think it ought to be, if the quality or wear of the goods purchased does not meet your

expectation, or if you find that what you get is not what you thought it would be, I ask as a favor that you write me, personally, and I'll see that you are satisfied. This is the service we render our customers in the store, and it is the same service we will give you who live at a distance when you order by mail."

"If you deal with this house, I want you to be satisfied, and I tell you that if you are not, it will be your own fault. I stand behind everything in our store because I believe in it. You have my pledge that what you have ordered is what you want unless you make a mistake in ordering; and even if you do make a mistake, no matter what you do, or what happens, if you will write me a personal letter about it, I will see that you are satisfied."

President

[At Abercrombie & Fitch, we continue to serve you as Mr. Fitch promised so long ago. Today the man to write to is John H. Ewing, our president. Come in and browse around. Or write for our new Camp Tackle catalogue.]

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

5 NORTH WABASH—CHICAGO

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO PALM BEACH

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Advertisement on page 18

Next week

At Palm Beach and Palm Springs the winter look of gold is a true look with a new vitality. Here, in an unusual portfolio, is a preview of the evening season's fashions.

Sprinter Mike Agostini recently wrote of his life as a "charismatic" athlete. Now, in an extraordinary essay on true athleticism, Hunter Hall Coleman replies to Agostini.

Baseball rears its head again. Tim Lincecum reports on spring training, and George Wein begins a two-part article on his long career as general manager of the Yankees.





Suddenly, you're a Flamenco dancer!



At least it seems like it, once you're amid the color of ancient Spain. The click of heels, the clap of hands, Ooh! it's exciting! But waiters aside, why not take a whirl at being part of the gay life of Europe. The thrill is worth the trip.

And, of course, it takes BOAC to make the pleasure complete. Whether your destination is the Plaza of Madrid or the Fountains of Rome, the jet flight to Europe on BOAC's Rolls-Royce 707 is the ultimate. It's the service that does it. Called the best in the world...all over the world.

As to the cost, it's a trifle considering the fun you'll have. The 17-Day Excursion Fare by jet is in effect now. Only \$393.00 Economy Class Round-Trip from New York to Madrid; just \$350 to London. Even less on the jet-prop Britannia.

Come on, jet over with BOAC! Then feel like a Flamenco dancer...or a gendarme...or a bagpiper. Your Travel Agent will help with the transformation. Just ask him. Or write to BOAC for 1961 Tour folders. Choose the place...you'll like the change!

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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
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Direct flights to Europe from Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Honolulu, New York, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto. Starting in March, "The Direct Route" to London from Los Angeles. Offer valid to all principalities.

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SCORECARD

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Look for an upset in the Big Ten swim meet—and a hot protest from favored Indiana if it occurs. Reason: the conference, aware that Indiana's only weakness is team depth, has decided to award points for 12 places instead of the usual six.
 - Duke Football Coach Bill Murray just got the good news that junior Don Altman, quarterback who led the Cotton Bowl comeback over Arkansas, will sign a major league baseball contract and lose his senior year of eligibility.
 - Fines are coming up for athletes who cut classes at Kansas University. Too many of the boys are being lost through midseason scholastic difficulties. The first cut will cost \$1, and the penalty will double with each offense.
 - The American Football League teams may never equal the NFL's, but they're full of trust and confidence in each other. AFL Commissioner Joe Foss now plans to give club owners and players lie-detector tests in an effort to resolve some disputes over players' services.
 - Finding a place to play is worrying the Los Angeles Lakers. The club should make the NBA playoffs, but the city's Sports Arena is already booked on playoff dates.
 - Watch for a five-city indoor track circuit to spring up in Texas next year. Reason: the success of the indoor track meet at Fort Worth earlier this month (7,200 paid admissions, 2,000 turned away).
 - After two discouraging years for duck hunters, Canada's Prairie Provinces are again dry; there will not be enough water for nesting ducks during the spring breeding season, which means severe restrictions on bag limits next fall.
- SHORTCAKE**
For a brief spell during his early training at Palm Beach, Ingemar Johansson was, by his standards, a stern disciplinarian, even to observ-

ing the dietary laws of the prizefighting profession. Passionately fond of the American delicacy strawberry shortcake, he gave it up for Lent and the duration of his training period (SI, Feb. 18). But one night he and his sweetheart, Birgit Lundgren, slipped away to a movie, *Swadlow*. Then they stopped for a snack. Ingemar ordered strawberry shortcake. A couple of nights later Ingemar called room service at his hotel. "Please send up a double order of strawberry shortcake," he said.

The man seems to be hooked. He is back on the same easygoing diet that amused boxing experts during his training for the first Patterson fight. Despite his brief flirtation with austerity, he seems to think shortcake is good for him. It had better be, because he is about 20 pounds above the 198 he hopes to weigh when he meets Patterson on March 18.

"I am heavy now," he says, "but I want to keep some of this weight until just before the fight."

No American trainer, not even his own Whitey Blinston, would agree with him. Ingemar pits the experience of 23 professional fights against the opinions of men who have trained thousands of fighters.

As admirers of the good life, we would like to think that Ingemar is right. But we are doubtful.

LENT IN SLIGHT

Englishmen who adore animals—and there are a lot of them (SI, Feb. 20)—were roused to fury last week by a suggestion that their dogs be put on diets for Lent. The bold man who made the suggestion was no less a personage than William Cardinal Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster. In his Lenten pastoral letter, the archbishop appealed for human and canine abstinence so that money saved might go to feed starving humans.

Reaction against the archbishop was immediate and fierce. The head of the Canine Defense League called the idea "fatuous." "It would be

punishing the animals," he added. "They would not know what it was for. We have some animals who behave in a more Christian way than some Christians." Miss Pat McCaughy, owner of 12 Airedales, voiced a typical opinion: "I wouldn't dream of cutting down the diet of my dogs. I'd rather go without myself."

The Englishman's castle, apparently, is really his kennel.

HYPNOSIS

All week long a golfer friend of ours has been telling the toes on his right foot to relax. He is taking the advice given by Jack Heise in his 128-page book *How You Can Play Better Golf Using Self-Hypnosis*. "Every good golfer, whether he recognizes the phenomenon or not," writes Heise, "employs self-hypnosis in his play."

Most professionals, Heise continues, take up the game as youngsters and learn to play by instinct. Most



amateurs take it up as adults and are self-conscious. What the amateurs must try to do is lose this self-consciousness through self-hypnosis.

Go to bed, Heise advises, and start talking to yourself: "I am going to relax every muscle in my body . . . starting from my feet . . . and going to my head . . . the toes on my right foot are relaxing. . . ." With steady progress, an amateur golfer will soon be able to hypnotize himself right on the green.

Our golfer friend reports progress of a sort. His toes are so relaxed that they've fallen asleep. He hopes it doesn't spread.

ON CARPOGUM

Madison Square Garden echoed last week with the din of 2,548 dogs, but it was a mere whisper compared with the

archbishop



Two classic jackets by Pendleton

Right, the new *Frontier*, a free-swinging authentic Pendleton sport jacket specially tailored for action. At left, Pendleton's leisure jacket in the rich plaid and colors of 100% virgin wool. Shirts and trousers are genuine Pendleton, too. Jackets, \$159, \$179; Six Pendleton Shirt, \$19.95; Polo Shirt, \$3.50; Slacks, \$3.95.

For additional information write Dept. 4442, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 1, Oregon.

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SCORECARD continued

angry growls evoked by the final judging of the Westminster Kennel Club Show (SI, Feb. 13). Even before the audience could choose its own favorite from among the six finalists in the best-in-show ring, Judge Joseph E. Redden had given the nod to a poodle, and the most important show of the year was over. When viewers tuned in their TV sets seven minutes later for the scheduled 11:05 judging, Westminster officials were involved in the noisiest controversy in the history of this 85-year-old event.

Chief target of press and public indignation was Dr. Redden. The quarrel, however, was not with his choice—a six-pound black toy, Ch. Cappoquin Little Sister—but rather with his speed. One reporter suggested Judge Redden was trying to catch a train (false: he was spending the night in N.Y.); another, that Garden officials threatened to turn out the lights at 11 p.m. (false: Garden management was not involved). Advertising pressure was suggested (false: the show's television sponsor budgeted for TV time until midnight).

Two days after the show an embarrassed Westminster Kennel Club admitted the fault was its own. A club official had hastily scanned the schedules of 13 TV stations carrying the show, noted that several were cutting out at 11 p.m. for late news, and decided to get the show over by 11. Did this affect the judge's choice? "If I had been there an hour," Dr. Redden says, "my choice would have been the same."

Dr. Redden's judging abilities aside, we believe that sports promoters should quit trying to tailor their competitions to fit TV schedules. This has already occurred in pro basketball and it is an arrogant and irritating practice.

PARI-MUTUEL ILLOGIC

Economics has been called the dismal science. Last week, before the Texas legislature, Dr. Arthur A. Smith, a dignified, scholarly Dallas banker and economist, proved the name is not unjust. Representative V. E. (Red) Berry had just finished talking for 49 minutes in favor of his pet measure, a bill for a referendum on legalizing pari-mutuel betting (SI, Jan. 30), when Dr. Smith took the floor. Parrying abuse and heckling, he suggested

continued

LIBERTY MUTUAL

the company that stands by you



If only he hadn't been drinking—

THIS WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED. If you as a careful Liberty Mutual policyholder are a victim of an "if only" driver, our 24-hour claims service goes to work if your car needs repair or replacement — takes care of your hospitalization under medical payments coverage — protects your home and savings. ■ Prompt claims service is one Liberty plus value. We locate witnesses, pay bail bond fees and court costs and legal fees. As the company with the largest experience in industrial accidents, we can help you find competent hospital and surgical treatment — no matter where you are. ■ Ours is a policyholder com-

pany run by policyholder directors, and policyholder advisory boards keep us in touch with local conditions across the country. It's good to have this kind of company stand by you when trouble strikes. ■ One-stop service for home, car or business means that you can deal direct with Liberty Mutual and get all-round protection and all-round coverage — all around the country. ■ You cannot control the careless driver, the "if only" driver. But you can protect yourself by alert driving and proper insurance. Call on Liberty Mutual, the company that stands by you with service, sound protection and economy.

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'A GREAT LOSS OF TALENT AND GRACE'

The jet crash near Branch that took the lives of all members of the U.S. figure skating team was a tragedy at once wildly improbable and starkly appalling. Of 2, President Kennedy said: "Our country has sustained a great loss of talent and grace which had

brought pleasure to people all over the world." Our regard for the athletes involved was expressed in Barbara Hiltman's story on Laurence Owen and her family in our Feb. 13 issue. There is little we can add that would give a better measure of our shock and grief.

SCORECARD *and Good*

that some of the legislators take a course in economics and others in logic. (Homeplayers have no use for that parlay.) He brought down the house of 1,800, all eager for a chance at "illogical" betting, when he said that playing the stock market was not gambling. "Gambling does not create any wealth and every cent collected by the winners must be lost by someone," Dr. Smith argued, with an irrefutable lack of sporting verve.

Berry, on the ropes of logic and economics, could only say that the people of Texas should be given a chance to vote on his measure anyway. The consensus is that Dr. Smith was a round but that Rep. Berry may win the battle. Passer-by and telephone polls show a heavy majority in favor of pari-mutuel betting. But Texas has plenty of blue acres and they are still to be counted.

QUIZ KIDS

Two college basketball coaches sat in the bar of a Washington, D.C. hotel the other night discussing the thoroughness of modern recruiting.

"In the past year I wrote 472 high school basketball players east of the Mississippi and watched 158 of them in action," said one coach. "Yes," said the other, "and I'll bet I know every one of them."

There followed, across three Martinis, a new parlor game called *Guess the Player*:

Coch A: "A blond 6-foot 7-inch center from West Flushing High, N.Y."

Coch B: "His hook shot is no good."

Coch A: "A left-handed forward from Lower Calmaria, Pa."

Coch B: "He's only making D-plus in English. We couldn't get him in."

Coch A: "A quick little Irish guard from Corn River Falls, Ind."

Coch B: "He dates a blonde with a convertible from Chicago. North-western has the inside track."

Coch A: "A 6-foot 10-inch New Odhaven kid with a fallaway layup shot?"

Coch B: "Come on. He's a good one, but you know we can't use Negroes yet."

Coch A: "Well, I know you're planning on using a 6-foot 4-inch redheaded jump shot from East Apple, N.J. You're doing great with his mother."

Coch B: "Sure. I telephone her about once a week and say, 'Hello, Gloria. How's Billy doing today?'"

Coch A: "I know you do. I've been in the living room twice when you called."

For half an hour the battle of the nameless players continued. Finally Coch A said, "A 6-foot 3-inch ambidextrous Baptist from Alabama?"

Coch B thought and fumed and frowned and thought. Finally his face lit up. "You rat!" he cried. "There isn't a 6-foot 3-inch Baptist from Alabama!"

"You're right!" roared Coch A, and the game was over.

BROTHER RAY

In many ways, 18-year-old Raymond Patterson is much like his brother Floyd. He has the same sad-eyed look, the same slightly apprehensive expression, the same reticence. Like Floyd, he is currently training for a championship bout—in this week's finals of the New York Golden Gloves heavyweight division. Ray Patterson fights from a peekaboo crouch, like Floyd, and he seasonally springs forward with the patented Patterson lunge. He has wide shoulders and solid hips, his legs are perhaps too solid to permit nimbleness and he rolls like a sailor when he walks.

"Floyd handles my training," he says proudly, "when he's not in

training himself." Sometimes the brothers spar together. "But Floyd doesn't try to hurt me, he tries to teach me." Would Ray ever get in the ring with Floyd—say, for the world heavyweight title? "I wouldn't fight Floyd without," he says. "He taught me what I know. I'd be using it against him."

SPECTACULAR

Last week the National Broadcasting Company presented a one-hour television show which may in time win an Emmy award as "the worst 90-minute show utilizing video tape and special effects to be presented in prime evening time and dealing with the subject of sports." Billed as *Tv Bob Hope Warik Show* and widely advertised as "starring Bob Hope and the outstanding athletes of 1966," it turned out to be a procession of spoken and photographic clichés. Examples: Hope (to 7-foot 2-inch Wilt Chamberlain): "How's the weather up there?" Navy's Joe Bellino to teenage actress Tuesday Weld: "How would you like to go out to the Coliseum and see a football game?" Hope (interrupting): "There's no football game out there tonight." Bellino: "Don't worry, Bob, we'll think of something."

Aside from this, NBC used film clips of Chamberlain and Jerry Lucas making baskets in which all the activity centered about people waving their hats and hands aloft. It tried to make the viewer believe that Joe Bellino scored three touchdowns against Army in the 1960 game (by using a film segment from the 1953 Army-Navy game). Instead of using Patterson's comeback victory of 1960, it reran his 1959 fogging of incompetent Brian London.

Perhaps the whole show was summed up by Hope himself in his opening monologue in which he said, "This is a sweaty spectacular." But there wasn't enough sweat put into it.



POINT OF FACT

A college basketball game to test the ingenuity and add to the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

7 Can a team play with fewer than five players?

• A team must begin a game with five players. If it has no substitutes to replace players who have fouled out, it may continue with fewer than five men. Upon occasion, a team with a one-man advantage caused by fouling out has voluntarily sacrificed a player to equalize the game.

7 Team A has used its allotted five timeouts. The coach of Team A, however, wishes to discuss the game situation with his players. He spends his caplets to ask for another time-out. Can his team get it?

• Yes, at a price. Time-outs in excess of five are charged as technical fouls. Such a request is rare since the technical foul results in a free throw for the opposition plus possession of the ball at mid-court.

7 What is the three-second rule involved by a referee?

• This violation is called when an offensive player remains in the free-throw lane for more than three seconds.

7 Team A has the ball out of bounds. The throw-in, aimed for the ball center, is so high that the ball goes into the basket without touching any player. Does Team A have a goal?

• No. The ball is considered dead until a player on the floor touches it. Team B would gain possession for the violation.

CONTINUED

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POINT OF FACT continued

7 If a shot enters the basket from below, goes through and drops back into the basket again, is it a goal?

* No. A goal is scored only when a ball enters the basket from above and remains in the basket or passes through.

7 While the ball is in flight on a try for a field goal, a player from Team A reaches an opponent. As the foot is pulled, another player from Team B bats the ball away from the rim. What happened?

* Team A gets two points on the field-goal try because of illegal goal-tending by Team B; then the teams move to the other end of the floor and the player from Team B who was pushed shoots a free throw.

7 1) A player from Team A sticks out his leg and blocks a pass. Can he recover the ball? 2) A player from Team A scrambles after a loose ball which rolls off his leg. Can he recover the ball?

* 1) No. The kick is intentional, and it is a fundamental of basketball that the ball must be played with the hands. The ball goes over to Team B. 2) Yes. An accidental kick is not a violation.

7 A ball is passed in bounds by Team A. It bounces off an official without touching a player and rolls out of bounds. Does Team A try again?

* No. It is Team B's ball. As in football and baseball, the official is considered a part of the playing field.

7 A player accidentally taps a ball into his opponent's basket. Will he get credit for the goal?

* It is added to the opponent's score, mentioned in a footnote, but not credited to any individual player.

7 Team A has possession. One of its players with control of the ball steps on an outside line, but does not touch the ball while he is out of bounds. Is this a violation?

* Yes. The key word is "control." The play is ruled as a continued dribble, and the ball is dead when the player steps on the line. Team B is given the ball.

—MAURY ALLEN



BY OPAL HEATH. CO-DINNER AT HIS KENTUCKY DERBY WINNER NEEDS, THIS GUY A HORSE AND A GOOD DRINK. PHOTO BY JIM HOLLAND.

"My husband could beat Paul Revere to a Derby Daiquiri"

—says Opal Heath, who learned how to put zip in rum drinks in Puerto Rico.

WOULD YOU believe it? Two days before this photograph was taken, my husband wouldn't go near a rum cocktail.

Just look at him now! He could beat Paul Revere to a Derby Daiquiri.

It all started in Puerto Rico, where we'd gone to inspect the famous pineapple harvest.

One day, our host welcomed us home with a Derby Daiquiri. My husband took a taste, and zing—he was a changed man.

"Amazing," he said. "I always thought rum cocktails were sweet little drinks for women. How do you give them such zip?"

"Our rum does it," said our Puerto Rican friend. "We distill it at high proof—for extra dryness. Then we age every drop. That's the law in Puerto Rico."

My husband just slipped and smiled. But I took note of the secret of superb rum drinks: Make sure the label says *Puerto Rican Rum*.

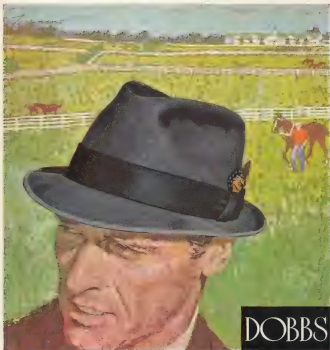


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1 oz. fresh orange juice
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**Sports
Illustrated**
FEBRUARY 27, 1961

THE FASTEST

by ROY TERRELL



RUN OF ALL

The bobsledders' world championship chewed up one team (below), but a small red-headed Italian was the master. Turn the page for story

SPANISH SLED SHASHES INTO OVERHANG AT 86-DEG CURVE. RIDERS SUFFERED FRACTURES BUT, AMAZINGLY, NO ONE WAS KILLED



Men have been racing bobsleds since 1886, scaring themselves half to death and enjoying it. Among those who career down icy chutes at speeds approaching 100 miles an hour, there is agreement that two of the best bobsled pilots in history are a round-faced, 47-year-old ex-fire chief from Lake Placid, N.Y., named

international competitions. Its relentless chute with the dizzy, plunging curves is quite a bit faster than those at St. Moritz or Garmisch or even Monti's home course at Cortina, although the latter is considered somewhat more difficult and dangerous. It was on the Mt. Hovvenberg run during the national championships of 1958 that Benham established the four-man course record of 1:58.88; it was also here, just two weeks ago,

ing down the lightning-fast Lake Placid run, it can be one of the most spectacular sights in all sport.

Aside from their mutual love for sliding, as the racers call it, Benham and Monti are as unlike as any two men can be. Benham has been America's best driver for a dozen years, the winner of two world championships, runner-up half a dozen times. He is one of the old bobsled breed, a short, powerfully built man with a huge barrel chest and only a slightly less huge barrel belly. There was a time when Benham, at 210 pounds, was by far the lightest man on his sled, and he swears that the German team which beat him out of a gold medal at Oslo in 1952 averaged 306 pounds per man. Actually, the four weighed a total of only 1,650, averaging a mere 342½.

With a hangover

This was enough to cause the *Fédération Internationale de Bobleigh et de Tobogganing* to pass a rule limiting crew weight on a four-man sled to 882 pounds, and today's racers generally look more like Notre Dame guards than Chicago Bear tackles. Most of them still play as hard as they work, however, and none more than Benham, who despite his four children and respected position as manager of parks for the township of North Elba, likes to relax in the evening with the boys. About 2 o'clock in the morning he may beg off with the excuse that he has to drive that day, but there is still a suspicion in his mind that the old ways were best. Then, a man didn't mind coming down a bob run with a hangover, feeling that to die would be a pleasure. Under these circumstances, the oldtimers feel, they drove much better—or, anyway, faster.

"You know why they didn't build a bobsled run at Squaw Valley?" Benham asks. "It wasn't because it cost too much, and it wasn't because the ice wouldn't freeze hard enough, like some people said. It was because a bunch of Olympic officials and some of those other people out there said bobsledders drink too much wine and beer."

Eugenio Monti would have been welcome at Squaw Valley, for he drinks Seven-Up. Back home at Cortina he drinks a little Chianti now and then, but he says he can't find good Chianti in America. ("They mix

Photograph by G. M. M. M. M.



MONTE, A 208-POUNDER, STUDIED RUN, GROVE WITH ARTIST'S PRECISION

Stanley Benham and a red-haired, 53-year-old ski instructor from Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, named Eugenio Monti. Last weekend Benham and Monti hooked up in a bobsled duel that will be remembered as long as the sport exists. This is partly because it was to be Stan Benham's last race. But even more it is because Eugenio Monti, under the most harrowing conditions, proved that he is, indeed, the best bobsled driver who ever lived.

The occasion was the world's four-man bobsled championships and the site was the Olympic run, built for the 1932 Winter Games down the side of Mt. Van Hovvenberg, eight miles outside Lake Placid. This is the only bobsled run on the North American continent, and it is one of only four in the world still used for big

that Monti lowered his own two-man record to an altogether amazing 1:59.22 as he won his fifth straight world title in the smaller and supposedly slower sleds.

When races are not on the course, the New York State Conservation Department runs a kind of crazy man's Corey Island there, offering rides for \$2 a head. But the state does not get very rich from the operation, a fact that speaks well for the intelligence of tourists, since even the slow old Conservation Department sleds hit over 80 miles an hour in the straights, supplying sufficient G-force to make a novice rider's chin bounce off his kneecaps in some of the tighter turns. Neither Benham nor Monti are exactly novices, however, and when they send their sleek Italian-built Podar racing sleds plummet-

cheap wheels to") so he attacks to Seven-Up. He also goes to bed at 9 o'clock, his gleaming steel sled runners wrapped lovingly in a piece of wicker cloth on a table alongside, and by daylight he is up ready to polish and wax and pamper the two bright red Podars with the white "Italia 1" gleaming on their noses. For Eugenio Monti is quite likely the most dedicated bobsled pilot ever. He is also a very unusual one.

Monti not only is sober but small, standing only 5 feet 4½ inches and weighing just 155 pounds. He has piercing blue eyes, his red hair is cut in a slightly disorganized style, and his nose is broken and badly scarred. The nose was smashed in a 1955 accident when a bobsled flipped over twice and then rode Monti a quarter of a mile down the run at St. Moritz. It is the only major accident he has had, however, and the way he drives a bobsled now, he may never come close to another. Other drivers say he is the only man who can put the runners of a bobsled within half an inch of the exact spot he wants them, while moving at frightening speeds and weaving through the most difficult turns.

Monti didn't begin to drive until 1954. Until then he was a ski racer, and a very fine one. He had won two Italian Alpine championships when he took a bad fall practicing for the 1952 Olympics and broke both knees. This finished his competitive skiing career but left him with a craving to continue to go fast by one means or another. He tried automobile racing, but his two jobs, one as a lumber grader and the other as a ski instructor, wouldn't pay the bills. He discovered bobsleds, and within two years he was good enough to finish second in both the two-man and four-man races at the Cortina Olympics. Since then he has never lost a two-man world championship.

In trying to explain what makes one driver better than another, the sliders themselves are emphatic that it is the man, not his machine or those who ride with him. Virtually all races drive Podars these days, and Monti's sled is no different from others. He does spend more time polishing the runners than most, and he has been known, when certain snow conditions exist on a course, to wax all of the underside of the sled, including the bolts that hold it together, to

keep the snow from sticking. His greatest foe, as a matter of fact, is snow. He hates it like a good hailback hates a muddy field, for he is obsessed with speed and snow slows him down. Monti loves ice, on the other hand, gleaming blue sheets of ice all the way down a bob run over which his sled can flash like a gleam of light, and he hunts it like someone else would search for gold. Among all the bobsledders, Monti is the only one to

stiff back there. On his four-man team, Monti asks only that the two middle men push hard at first, then get in and sit very still. "You can even close your eyes if you want," he says.

Unlike most Americans, Monti does not steer with a wheel. Instead he uses two short reins, like Willie Hartack. A sled is harder to steer with ropes, since it does not have the steering advantage of a wheel, but control is



BREXAM, SLIC OF DAYS OF EARL-LINE 300-POUNDS. RETIRED AFTER RACE

consistently walk up a bob run, sometimes along the edge, sometimes hopping over into the chute itself to look for minute ruts that might hinder his progress and to seek the perfect patch that will lead him to victory. At Lake Placid it was a familiar sound for the public address system to boom out at periodic intervals: "Will Monti please get out of the run. There is a sled coming down."

He has a good brakeman, a husky, hard-bone boy named Sergio Sierpas, who does not use the brake at all during a run ("Brakes," says Monti, "are for stopping at the end"), but furnishes a great deal of muscular force in getting the sled under way at the top of a hill. Yet Monti won championships with another brakeman before Sierpas; and he could probably win with your Aunt Ethel

more positive and the driver gets more feel. This particular driver also takes curves higher than anyone else, brushing the tops as he enters them, then dropping fast coming out, using all the gravity he can get to go faster, always faster. "I think," says Gary Sheffield, the young Marine corporal from Lake Placid who finished second to Monti in the two-man race, "that Genio takes more chances than anyone else. But with him, they're not chances."

Although his precise and daring style has made him unbeatable in the two-man event, in the big four-man sleds Eugenio Monti has often operated in bad luck. He was second in '56 and second again in '57, losing by the flick of an eyelash. Then, in '58, an embarrassing thing happened. It seems that Monti thought there

was too much snow on the run at Garmisch. When he appealed to the officials they were not at all sympathetic. That night a guard heard strange sounds arising from the bob run and, upon investigation, discovered Eugenio Monti, the world's best bobsled driver, and his crew shoveling snow. They didn't let Gesis race that year.

He finished far back in 1958. "Too much snow," he feels, but finally broke through to win the four-man championship last year, and last weekend he was favored to do it again. "I've been watching him," said Art Devlin, the old Olympic ski jumper who has recently become fascinated by bobsledding after sneering at it for years. "This guy is an incredible competitor. You look at his record. He's always coming from behind on the fourth run to win. He just keeps putting on the pressure. When he set that record on the two-man last week, he did it on his fourth run. If he stays close the first day, you watch him on Sunday. The others may crack, but not him.

"Of course," Devils added, a little less confidently, "old Stan is a tiger when he's behind, too."

There were some who thought that neither Monti nor Benham would win, but perhaps the German, Franz Schelle, who had been making the best practice times of all, or maybe Sergio Zardini in the No. 2 Italian sled, a very smooth little driver who has been acting as bridesmaid for Monti so long he doesn't like to think about it any more. Or even fast-improving Bill McCowan in the No. 1 British sled. In all, there were 19 nations with 14 sleds ready to go when the first heat was called Saturday morning and almost any of them were capable of giving the favorites real trouble, except, perhaps, the Belgians, whose entire course of bobsled training for the world championships included five days in early February at St. Moritz.

"I wish they would win," said Mrs. Bill Dodge, whose husband drove the No. 2 U.S. two-man sled. "They waved at me the other day coming down the course."

"They're incredible," said Dodge. "I had to take 25 runs just to get my bobsled license. They come over here with no experience at all and race in the world championships. And do pretty well."

Actually, the Belgians didn't do very well in the two-man competi-

tion. After watching them rattle back and forth off the ice-block walls of the chute like a man slipping down an icy porch, Dodge suggested that discretion replace valor, temporarily at least, and that the Belgians use their brakes when in trouble. So in each of the final three heats of the two-man run, they braked almost continuously, waved at Mrs. Dodge and other pretty ladies in the crowd—and ran the course in 1:13 or thereabouts, which wouldn't have been very good competition for a Conservation sled.

In the five days between the finish of the two-man races and the beginning of the four, however, Benham climbed aboard the Belgian sled and guided the four-man team through a practice run. "I've been down this run 590 times," he said later, "including one time I went down backwards. But I never saw anything like this. What a ride that was." If Benham failed to benefit, the Belgians did not. By last Saturday they were driving much better—although still running last.

Running first, all the way, were Monti and Benham. It was a gray, cloudy day, with an occasional light sprinkle of sleet, and the course was trickier than usual. Soon there were

MUNCHED OVER WHEEL. BERHAM GETS RUNNING START FROM TEAMMATES WHO HOP IN ONE BY ONE AS SLED PICKS UP SPEED



bad cuts in the ice at Shady, the great 189° corner with the towering 32-foot walls where one of the course's two fatal accidents occurred in 1949. And everyone seemed to be having trouble with Zig-Zag, which is not so spectacular a sight as Shady but—because of its split-second reverse turn—is a much more brutal test of driving skill. The other Lake Placid bobbed death happened there, in 1966, and Zig-Zag almost claimed more victims on Saturday. The Spanish sled banged hard into the protective overhang of ice, which has been built in recent years to keep anyone else from flying off into space, and all four riders were thrown out, suffering various bruises and sprains and contusions. Soon after the ambulances had returned, Zardini's sled hit the wall, too. His brakeman, Renato Bonagura, was knocked off and had to be hauled away. There were at least a dozen doctors in attendance at the course, and although a person could have died of a hangnail in downtown Lake Placid before receiving medical care, apparently the doctors were right to be up on the mountain where they were.

But while others were having trouble, Monti and Benham came down the chute like greased eels. Monti

made his first run in 1:09.20—remarkable time on the soft and rutted course. Then Benham, with Gary Sheffield, Jerry Tennant and Chuck Pasholgh tucked in behind him, flashed across the finish only 2/100 of a second behind. There were also three other sleds under 1:10, Schelle of Germany (1:09.38), McCowan of Great Britain (1:09.74) and a surprising Swedish team, piloted by Gunnar Ahl (1:09.58). Then, with the starting order switched around for the second heat, Benham led off with a 1:09.48, giving him a total for the day of 2:18.79. The Germans and British and Swedes all cracked 1:10 again, too, and so did the No. 2 U.S. team, driven by Larry McKibbin, which equaled Benham's second-heat time. But all of these were over 2:10 for the two runs, and it was quite apparent that only Eugenio Monti could stay up with the old man of Mt. Van Hoevenberg—if anybody was going to that day.

WITH A CLEAR NOSE

Monti did. He got a great start and came slicing down the run, crouched low behind the fairing on his red sled. He was into Shady high and fast, blazed through Zig-Zag as if the deadly curve were his own backyard

in Cortina, and roared down the long straightaway into the finishing turn. When he went under the bridge the crowd cheered, for they knew the tough Italian had been fast—and then the public address system went out, so that no one among the 6,000 that lined the course really knew exactly how fast for at least five minutes. Finally the officials put it on the board: again a 1:09.28 and a total of 2:18.40, three-tenths of a second better than Stan.

That night the rain really began to come down. By Sunday morning the temperature was up to 46°, and the bob run was almost washed off the face of Mt. Van Hoevenberg. "The only way we could race up there," said Benham, "would be in rowboats."

So the FIAT jury decided to call off the last two heats and declared that Saturday's results would be final.

"I'd like to have had a try at catching Genio," said Benham, "although he seems to be a pretty tough guy to catch. Anyway, this is the last one for me. I'm packing it in."

"I am very happy to win," said Monti, "but sorry I not break that record. The run was so fast. Too much snow."

AND

POSSIBLE BUT WHEN ITALY'S SECOND SLED HIT WALL AT ZIG-ZAG, BRAKEMAN ROMANO BONAGURA TAKES BELL'S SLED AT 54 MPH



VALERI'S HIGH, HIGH JUMP

An 18-year-old Russian Olympian, who outleaped America's John Thomas in Rome, met him again in New York's Madison Square Garden last week, beat him again and, for an encore, equaled Thomas' world indoor record

by WALTER BINGHAM

The hour was late and most of the competition had ended, but no one was leaving Madison Square Garden. On the floor, athletes in brightly colored warmup clothes sat in small clusters, themselves now spectators. Officials, too, their stop watches put away for the night, stood in twos and threes, watching. The attention of everyone in the house, some 16,000 people, was fixed on one man—a boy, really—18-year-old Valeri Brumel of Russia.

Brumel was about to make his third and final attempt to clear the high-jump bar at 7 feet 8 inches. Already he had won his heralded duel with John Thomas, the best high jumper in the United States. Thomas had failed at 7 feet 2 inches. Now Brumel, in his first appearance in this country, was trying to match Thomas' world indoor record. He had missed on his first two tries.

Several times he kicked his legs high in the air, getting loose. Then, standing perfectly still, he raised his left hand, almost in salute to the crowd, the signal to the officials near the pit that he was about to start. His first few steps were superficial, simply walking strides to get him under way. Suddenly he was moving fast, almost violently, toward the pit. His left foot stamped into the boards and his body hurtled up. He kept his left arm snug to his chest,

his left, or trailing, leg high. Then he was clear and falling, leaving the bar untouched above him.

Brumel was on his feet and running almost instantly after he landed. He raced over to Leonid Khomenkov, a Russian track official, who kissed him on the cheek. Meet officials grabbed for his hand, athletes applauded and photographers surged around him. Madison Square Garden on Eighth Avenue in New York City had a new hero—a hero from the smoky industrial city of Voroshilovgrad in the Ukraine.

An unknown talent

Until the Olympic Games last summer, few people outside of Russia had ever heard of Valeri Brumel. Then, in Rome, in what at the time seemed like an upset, he beat John Thomas in the high jump, finishing second to his Russian teammate, Robert Shavlakadze. Last month, on the same weekend that John Thomas jumped 7 feet 3 inches in Boston, Brumel did 7 feet 4½ inches (off a dirt floor, so not an official record) in Leningrad. That set the stage for Brumel's visit to New York and his duel with Thomas.

Brumel is a pleasant-looking boy. He is a little over six feet tall, and weighs about 175 pounds. He has a high forehead and prominent ears, brown hair cut fairly short and gray eyes. He smiles often, except when he is competing.

He was born in 1942 in the tiny settlement of Tolbusino near Lake Baikal in Siberia. Only muffled echoes of the battles 3,000 miles to the west penetrated his area, so that Valeri was spared the hunger and hardship that left permanent physical marks on many of the war-born generation. After the war his family moved, and for the past eight years they have lived in Voroshilovgrad. His father is a coal mining engineer, his mother a mine technician. Valeri himself is a student at Moscow's Physical Culture Institute. He hopes one day to become an instructor in physical education.

Brumel arrived in New York four days before the meet. Four other Russians came with him—Khomenkov, the track official, a dark, squat, angry-looking man; Yuri Sedov, an interpreter with two gold front teeth; Evgeny Mernotkov, a guitar-playing distance runner; and Igor Ter-Ovanyan, a broad jumper who speaks English. Brumel did no formal jumping before the meet, though he and Mamotkov did get in a workout one afternoon on Manhattan College's outdoor board track. Brumel jogged around the track, occasionally sprinting and leaping high into the air. He stopped his jogging several times to shake and throw snowballs.

In the oval of the track was a jumping pit filled with bits of foam rubber, just as the pit in the Garden is. Brumel tested it gingerly with his

continued



ONE ARM EXTENDED, THE OTHER BENT TO HIS CHEST, VALERI BRUMEL DISPLAYS THE HIGH-JUMPING FORM THAT BEAT JOHN THOMAS.

feet, then did a little flip, landing on his back in the pit. He looked delighted and sprawled comfortably on his back for a minute. Photographer Jerry Cooke, who speaks Russian, said, "He says they have nothing like this in Russia. They jump into sand."

Soon after they arrived in New York, Brumel and his compatriots submitted to a mass interview from the press. It was a confused session, largely because of the language barrier. Simple questions, relayed through the interpreter, Sedov, were easy enough: "Have you ever jumped off boards before? Do you have a girl in Russia?" (Answers: "Yes. Yes [blush], but just as all boys do.") Subtler questions got lost in the sea of translation.

Men about town

About the day the Russians did some sightseeing. Like walking from the Empire State Building to Central Park and over to the United Nations building, but most of the time they just stayed in their hotel rooms. They were there on the afternoon before the meet, killing time before a banquet that night. The room—Igor Ter-Ovanesyan's—looked like any other athlete's room, messy. A suitcase was open, revealing a combination of clean and soiled clothes. On top of the bureau were several cans of fruit juice, a few grapes and a carton of eggs. "We haven't had any water since we've been here," said Igor. "Just juice. I eat these eggs in the morning, raw." Also on the bureau was what looked to be a bottle of hard candies. "Vitamins," said Igor. "Russian vitamins, American bottle."

Both Igor and Evgeny Mamonov seemed to overpower Valeri with the exuberance of their personalities. They appeared more relaxed and confident, but perhaps this was because they are older by several years. Evgeny, among Russian folk songs it is clear, strong voice. Igor displayed a few sketches he had made.

During all this, Brumel sat quietly in a chair in a corner of the room. At first he was alert, applauding Evgeny's playing, listening to the confusion of Russian and English. But as the other two Russians continued to chab about the room, producing gifts from bureau drawers,

asking questions and trading stories, Brumel began to yawn and look at his watch. Several times his head nodded. Jerry Cooke spoke with him in Russian and then explained, "He is having trouble getting used to the change of time. He has it figured out that when he jumps tomorrow night it will be 6 a.m. Moscow time. He says he is always tired over here."

"He is also always hungry," said Igor, with an aside to Brumel in Russian. Brumel grinned.

Brumel may have been tired then, but the next night he was nothing but energy. Indeed, it was Igor and Evgeny who looked fatigued. Igor, broad jumping against Ralph Boston, who set an indoor record at 25 feet 1½ inches, landed on all six of his toes. Evgeny placed third in the two-mile in 8:56.5, which really was not bad at all, considering it was his first race on boards.

Brumel and Thomas appeared on the floor halfway through the meet without introduction or fanfare. Brumel stood at the edge of the pit, gazed at the bar which was set at 6 feet 3 inches, then turned and paced off the distance for his approach, pausing at intervals to place pieces of adhesive tape on the floor.

Thomas, having marked off his somewhat shorter approach, changed into his spikes. Unlike Brumel, he wore socks. As is his habit when he is not jumping or warming up, Thomas sat on the floor. Not so Brumel. Finding a folding chair across the arena, Brumel carried it back to the high-jump area and placed it down at such an angle that his back was both to the pit and Thomas. When Thomas saw the chair he went off and found one, too. Not once during the event did Brumel glance at his rival, not even as Thomas jumped. ("Why get yourself excited?" he explained later.)

The jumping began at 6 feet 3 inches. There were other contestants in the event, of course, so that the early pace was slow. After each of his jumps Brumel removed his spikes for brown leather moonboots. Periodically Sedov, the interpreter, massaged his legs.

When the bar was raised to seven feet, only three men remained—Brumel, Thomas and a Marine named Bob Gardner who jumped with his right foot bare. Thomas, jumping first, made the height on his first try,

though he fegged the bar. Brumel cleared it with ease. There then followed a final breather as Gardner missed three times. Thomas used the interval to consult with his coach, Ed Flanagan. Brumel stood and sat and stood and sat, but always with his back to the pit.

Now only Thomas and Brumel remained. Both made 7 feet 1 inch on the first attempt, although again Thomas made the bar dance. With the bar at 7 feet 2, Thomas missed. Brumel, jumping smoothly, cleared it. Thomas missed again. Now, suddenly, he had only one more chance. He had to make it, or lose.

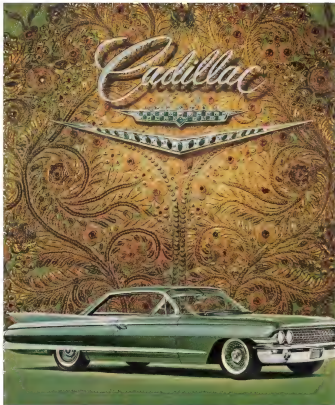
Arms hanging loosely at his sides, his right foot slightly ahead of his left, Thomas stood at his starting position, seven long strides from the bar. He stared at the bar as if transfixed, five seconds, ten seconds. Then he moved forward with long, lazy strides. Up he went off his left foot in a slow, smooth roll. But he did not go up high enough, and the bar crashed to the ground with him.

As Thomas fell into the pit, beaten for the first time in his indoor career, Brumel, still sitting with his back to the pit, looked up at the interpreter. Sedov nodded, and Brumel spread his hands apart as if to say, "Well, then, that's it." He rose from his chair, a smile on his face for the first time. He leaped high into the air, tucking his legs under him like a child jumping for joy. Within seconds he was surrounded by photographers. Sedov whispered something in his ear, and Brumel winked and hurried over to Thomas, the first time in hours that he had looked at his opponent. The two shook hands.

New boy

It was only natural that while Thomas was still in competition, the loudest cheers—and grunts—were for him. He was, after all, the local boy competing against a stranger. But when Thomas went out and it was Brumel against height, the crowd adopted Brumel. When he cleared 7 feet 3 inches on his final attempt, the crowd roared with pleasure. And when he tried 7 feet 5 inches (he missed all three times, but came close twice), a voice high in the balcony of the Garden rang out: "Come on, Valeri, boy-bee." The boy from Voroshilovgrad had found a home on Eighth Avenue.

END



The Coupe de Ville

Monsters' room from the Beatles' "Yellow Submarine" (inspired by Henry R.

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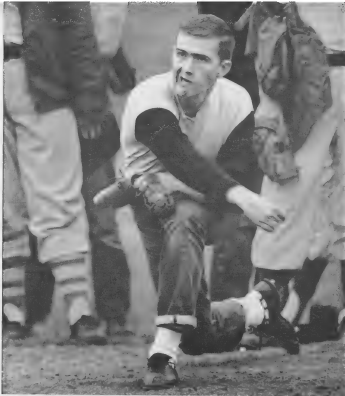


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"STEEL-HEAD" SHOUTED ONE ANGELIC APPLICANT, DUBBING FOR UMP AS HIS OWN FAST BALL SIZZLED OVER THE PLATE

Far-out Band of Angels

"Come one, come all," tried Manager Bill Rigney in a rash moment—and so they did, to try out for Los Angeles' new pro ball club, the Angels. It looked like a call from Central Casting for a remake of *The Grapes of Wrath*, as 300 tattered-dismal hopefuls from 11 states scurried in by train, bus and thumb. They came in every size, from every trade—even (in a few cases) baseball.

CONTINUED



A TOUCH OF THE PRO marked the young man above: at least, he wore what might be baseball pants. The scouts knew he was a pitcher because he told them so.

Photographs by Phil Roth and George Long



THE CASUAL LOOK characterized the wifeful batter at the left, who seemed to say of the Great Sinner: "He'll count not if you own a suit but how you play the game."



A DASHING APPROACH is the sure road to success, in the opinion of the hastening hopeful glove who may not be too sure where he's going but knows he'll get there.

THE COMPLETE BALLPLAYER is the only way to describe the lad at the left: cap, pants, socks, shoes—everything's there if only that blasted ball would stay caught.

CONTINUED



LIVE WITH DAYS It's strictly ballside as this cat sees it, and with the Sox outlook it doesn't matter too much who's on first or what's with second.

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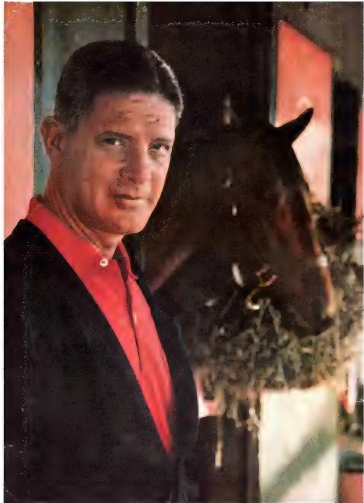
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nance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.



LINCOLN
CONTINENTAL



LOUIS WOLFSON AT THE STABLE DOOR

by JOE NIRSCH

In the 1931 Yale-University of Georgia football game Yale's famous Albie Booth was tackled with such fury that his assistant, a Georgia end named Louis Wolfson, injured a shoulder severely and eventually was forced to quit the sport. It was a characteristic Wolfson attack on an objective, comparable to his later assaults in the fields of business and high finance and his current bold thrust into Thoroughbred racing.

Four years ago Wolfson's distinctive flamingo siffle had yet to make their first appearance on a race track. Last year his Harbor View Farm was the third leading money-winning stable, with earnings of \$675,865, an achievement virtually without precedent on the American turf. Harbor View's neighbors along Hialeah's "millionaires' row"—Calumet, Brookmeade, Cain Hay, Wheatley and Greentree—were all founded two and three decades ago and won their present eminence only through long, painstaking effort.

Wolfson's most recent move in racing is a perfect example of his forth-

Mounting a bold assault on U.S. racing, this veteran raider of the corporate world has thrust his Harbor View Farm into the front rank almost overnight

right, direct approach and his ability to roll with a punch, a skill undoubtedly sharpened in the corporate world's proxy battles. A few weeks ago Wolfson and his trainer, Burke Parks, were looking confidently to Hialeah's \$100,000 Flamingo Stakes with a powerful entry of Roving Minstrel and Garwol (see opposite page). Within hours Harbor View lost both of these fine 3-year-olds. Roving Minstrel, winner of Belmont's rich Champagne Stakes last fall, reared in the walking ring, dipped over backward and fractured a bone in his skull. Surgery failed, and Wolfson's \$90,000 colt died the next day. Garwol, purchased for \$12,000 and the hero of the Pimlico Futurity, pulled a muscle in his hip and was forced to miss the Flamingo, too.

Wolfson immediately set up a package deal with Major Albert Warner in which he bought four horses for \$100,000. One was a French-bred 5-year-old named Wolfgram, who won

\$84,435 in the Boagsville Turf Handicap and the Hialeah Turf Cup within a fortnight. Wolfgram may be the best grass horse in the U.S. today. Garwol is back in training and is being pointed for the Florida and Kentucky Derbies. Harbor View is on its way again—possibly to a national championship.

"When I first came into racing in 1968," Wolfson says, "I heard all the usual stories. 'You won't be able to do it with money,' they told me. 'You can't buy a top stable. It takes years and a lot of hard work to put a Greentree together.' Well, I didn't know too much about racing, but I was convinced common sense would mean as much in this operation as it does in business, which is the toughest competition in the world. I'd heard all those it-can't-be-done stories in my business career too, yet we managed to do quite a few of them. So racing became a challenge, and I like challenges."

continued

CHALLENGER Wolfson is photographed before Hialeah stable with Garwol, the Derby hopeful that cost him \$80,000.

In his first year Wolfson won six races, and his horses, purchased from former Miami Restaurateur Charley Block, earned a total of \$29,118. In 1959 the stable won 18 races and \$86,161 in purses. Last year, its first full season under the direction of the brilliant Burley Parke, Harbor View won 54 races and was topped in earnings only by C. V. Whitney's stable (\$1,039,091) and the Cain Hay Stable of Captain Harry F. Guggenheim (\$798,475).

Wolfson, who estimates he has spent more than \$5 million on his Thoroughbred holdings, has set two difficult goals for the 1961 campaign:

1) stable earnings of about \$750,000, "if the 3-year-olds turn out the right way," and

2) the acquisition of a top-notch jockey on contract, "preferably one of the Big Three—Arcaro, Shoemaker and Hartack."

The mere spending of money, as Wolfson had been warned, has never been an easy route to success on the turf. John Galbreath, president of the Pittsburgh Pirates, whose huge expenditures in racing include \$2 million for the purchase of Swaps and another \$1,350,000 to lease the undefeated Italian champion Ribot as a stallion for a five-year period, has yet to gain commensurate rewards after some 20 years of effort.

Wolfson attributes part of his success to the ability to delegate power. "You've got to start with good men in your organization," explains the 49-year-old Wolfson, who in his off-track time is the chairman of the board of Merritt-Chapman & Scott ("You name it, we build it"). "That's something else I learned in business, and I also learned that when you do hire able men you can trust you've got to give them the authority to act for you. I feel I have two of the very best in Burley Parke, my trainer, and Leslie Combs, who has charge of my bloodstock and breeding operations. I've given them a free hand, and they haven't disappointed me."

Combs, master of Spendthrift Farm and Kentucky's "great syndicator" (Nashua, Gallant Fox, Royal Charger, Alibhai, etc.), offers his own version of Harbor View's quick climb. "Wolfson had to be a success," he says, "because he went about it the

right way and with more thought and enthusiasm than most people just coming into the game. He talked to everybody who knew anything and, more important, he listened to what they had to say. He went out to buy the best horses available, and he's bold in his tactics. He doesn't feel around. When he makes up his mind he wants to buy, that's it. He never looks back. He spent \$90,000 to bring Rich and Rare over from England, \$70,000 to get Nutcracker, \$60,000 for Shallow, \$50,000 for Warbler and \$40,000 for Loyal Lady. He also spent quite a bit to buy the stakes-winning Stay Seaworthy from Jack Price, the man who owns Carry Back. Up to now Wolfson has been racing horses he bought, but Harbor View's future rests with its homebreds."

Success came quickly

Wolfson's rise to affluence began almost immediately after his 1933 graduation from Georgia. He joined his father and an older brother to found Florida Pipe & Supply Company on a stake of \$10,000. The company grossed \$100,000 the first year. There followed a series of corporate aids in other fields, until Wolfson achieved national prominence with his battle for control of Montgomery Ward. It was an involved legal and proxy fight, and Wolfson lost—one of the few times he has failed to gain an announced objective. He took over 100-year-old Merritt-Chapman & Scott in 1949, was elevated to board chairman in 1951 and expanded the firm's diverse enterprises to the point where annual volume now is around \$400 million.

Tall, tanned and soft-spoken, Wolfson still carries himself with the grace that helped him win varsity letters in four sports in high school and a scholarship at Georgia. He has made more friends among his competitors in racing than among his business opponents, though his decisive and often dramatic tactics have borne equal fruit in both fields.

During his early years at Merritt-Chapman & Scott, Wolfson was an occasional visitor—and a heavy bettor—at the race track. "Once the company was moving smoothly," he recalls, "and I had some leisure time, I found there was considerably more to racing than just betting. I made several visits to the big breeding farms in Kentucky, and I saw such great

horses as Nasrullah at Claiborne and Nashua at Spendthrift. I met trainers like Max Baer, who is 86, and Mr. Fitz (Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons), who is 86. I became acquainted with owners like Major Warner, who is in his 70s, and many others. All of these men are devoted to racing, and it seems to have kept them youthful in spirit. The lesson wasn't wasted."

In his quest for topflight racing stock Wolfson has spent with a lavish hand. He went to \$68,000 for a yearling colt by Nasrullah two years ago, bought a \$40,000 Princequillo colt and a \$40,000 Never Say Die colt last summer at Keeneland. Two winters ago he offered \$125,000 for the 8-year-old South American star, Pature, and was turned down. He was also the "unidentified American bidder" who went to six figures for the two Russian horses that finished three-four in the Washington D.C. International at Laurel last November, but the Russians priced themselves out of the market.



ON MIAMI BEACH ESTATE WOLFSON

"We've made a few mistakes along the way," Wolfson admits. "There are a couple of people who think they've put one over on us in selling us some horses, but we haven't said anything about it and we're not going to. We'll just know better next time and go elsewhere when we're looking to buy."

Wolfson's breeding interests are as expansive as his racing operations. "I have 32 mares with Leslie Combs," he says, "plus that stud we imported from England, Alcibiades II, who is by Alyceiden. I own a 20% interest in Nadir and other shares in Gallant Man, Warlane, Cavan, Tudor Minstrel and Nashua. I also breed to Royal Charger, Swags and My Babu. These sires and our brood mares will provide our racing stock over the years ahead."

Combs reveals that Harbor View's breeding program has been carefully planned. "Each year," he says, "I'll pick out about 19 or 25 well-bred fillies, and the stable will buy three or

four from this group. If they turn out to be good race mares, so much the better. If they don't, they'll be retired early to be bred. We'll keep culling the brood mares, keeping the best producers and disposing of the others. Selectivity is very important."

A Harbor View project for the future is the 500-acre farm in Ocala, Fla., which Wolfson purchased last September. A manager has been hired, and barns and a training track are already under construction. When work is completed the yearlings will be broken and horses in training freshened at Ocala, which is close enough to Miami for frequent winter visits by Wolfson and Parks.

With top race horses, top bloodstock and a top trainer, the stable lacks only the steady services of a top jockey to complete the picture. "We've thought quite a bit about it,"

Wolfson says, "and, frankly, we've been making some inquiries. Burley always tries to get the best jockeys available, because good riders get the

most out of your horses. But the Arcuros, the Shoemakers and the Hartacks are always in demand, and too often we find they are committed to other mounts. We'd like to get this type of boy under contract, the way Cain Hoy has called Manuel Ycaza. Before the year is over, I hope we'll be able to arrange it."

Wolfson will find this extremely difficult. About 1,500 active riders are listed in *The American Racing Manual*, and only a very small percentage—principally apprentices—are under contract to a stable. The others freelance, either by choice or necessity. Ycaza, under a monthly agreement with Cain Hoy, is one exception. Another expert Panamanian jockey, Braulio Basso, has a yearly agreement with the Fred W. Hooper stable, while Greentree has a call on the services of Sam Bosimmet.

For the most part, the better jockeys, some of whom rose to fame while riding for one stable (Arcuro at Greentree, for instance), prefer to go their own ways. They not only have the opportunity of riding the best horse in one stable, but the best in many stables. Regardless of Wolfson's offers, it is doubtful that he can corral any of the Big Three. Arcuro, just turned 45, is in the twilight of his magnificent career. Shoemaker's home and professional headquarters are in California, where he has his pick of choice mounts. Hartack can barely get along with himself, let alone suffer the restrictions of contractual employment.

Despite Merritt-Chapman's flourishing operations, Wolfson spends as much time as possible at his home in Miami Beach with his wife, the former Florence Minsky of Montgomery, Ala., and their four children. The entire family has been caught up in Wolfson's enthusiasm for racing, which he has fostered by naming Stev-eullah for 13-year-old Stephen, Garwol for 13-year-old Gary, and Marwol for both 9-year-old Martin and daughter Mareva.

Calumet Farm's Jimmy Jones sures up the opinion of most racing people toward this vigorous new competitor in their midst: "He doesn't brag on his horses when they win, and he doesn't cry on them when they lose. He backs his opinions with his money, and he's been right more often than wrong. He'll be around, and at the top, for a long time."



PLAYS FOOTBALL WITH SONS (OUT OF PICTURE, RIGHT) AS WIFE, DAUGHTER WATCH

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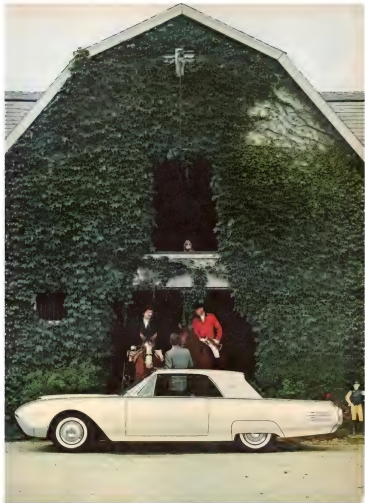
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DUKE'S RED-HOT AND BLUE DEVIL

Basketball player Art Heyman, nicknamed The Pest, has stirred up a civil war in the Atlantic Coast Conference while transforming his school into a national power

by RAY CAVE

Duke and North Carolina, two testy and contentious southern neighbors whose basketball teams rank among the top seven in the country, are separated by only eight miles of gently rolling tobacco land. From the bitterness of the battle now raging between their partisans, eight light-years would be a more appropriate distance.

Triggered by an intense, strong and strikingly able young basketball player nicknamed The Pest, the trouble has already included a riot during a game, the suspension of three players, the impugning of the integrity of a conference commissioner, an *Alice in Wonderland* court trial and an unseasoned birthday cake.

The Pest is Arthur Heyman. Off the basketball court he is an intelligent, peaceable 18-year-old Duke sophomore from Rockville Centre on Long Island. He has been brought up to say "sir" to his elders, and he wants to be a basketball player, not a rose referee.

At 6'7", 205 pounds, 6'7", 205-pound offensive leader of the Duke Blue Devils, averaging 24.4 points a game. He is also the team's defensive leader, with 11 rebounds a game. His best play is a power-packed rush for the basket which car-

ries him at, on and over anyone who is foolish enough to get in his way. It is a style calculated to make points, not friends. He plays the game as he learned it on the concrete schoolyards of Long Island, fiercely and joyously, combining the fervor of a Christian wrestling a lion with the confidence of a lion wrestling a Christian. He is very likely the finest sophomore of the year.

In the spring of 1969 Heyman sifted through 75 offers, decided to follow the underground railroad (SI, Feb. 4, 1967) which North Carolina Coach Frank McGuire had used for seven years to siphon talent from his native New York to the land of the drawl and the longleaf pine. Such Yankee imports had won one national championship and kept North Carolina consistently in the top 16, much to the dismay of the other three big basketball schools—Duke, Wake Forest and North Carolina State—which are clustered in the small area some coaches call Tobacco Road. McGuire, delighted,

made a public announcement of his success.

Then, on May 4, 1969 Vic Bubas, a personable and persuasive 32-year-old, became head coach at Duke. The very next morning, May 7, he sat in

the Playbill Restaurant of New York's Manhattan Hotel and convinced Art Heyman that he should not follow the rest of his New York friends to the University of North Carolina. Heyman's father, an engineer, agreed with Bubas, and Art went to Duke.

A man who knows baseball has called Heyman a "Billy Martin with talent," and any ballplayer who has ever staked to beat Martin one on the chin could have predicted what would happen. Heyman was seen scoring 30 points a game for the Duke freshmen, driving his team to victory and his opposition into a frenzy. In the game against the North Carolina freshmen he was at his exuberant best—until knocked cold by a roundhouse right to the jaw thrown by a furious and frustrated opponent. Five stitches were needed to repair Heyman.

This season Heyman was quite unawed at joining a Duke starting team made up exclusively of serious seniors. In the first 10 seconds of his first game he took a rebound and dribbled the ball through all the other 10 players, four LSU players and driving right over the fifth for a basket. He dubbed his teammates with unfattering nicknames—Howard Hart, the quiet, restrained Duke captain, became Zipper Nose—but they gave him one, in

continued

turn, The Pest, and welcomed their fearful young newcomers.

"We worked hard to help Art control his temper and himself," says Vic Bubas, "and he has improved 100%."

Relations with North Carolina have not. Frank McGuire refused to use Heyman's name on his basketball television show. Bubas, in turn, claimed his three daughters refused to eat a birthday cake when the icing turned out to be light (Carolina) blue instead of dark (Duke) blue.

Crowds booed Heyman (and like Mantle, he can't understand why), but there was no serious incident until two weeks ago when North Carolina came to play at Duke before a raucous full house.

With nine seconds left, Duke had a five-point lead and Heyman had scored 36 points while being guarded by fellow New Yorker Doug Moe, conceded to be the top defensive player in the Atlantic Coast Conference. At this point Heyman led North Carolina's Larry Brown under the basket. Brown threw the ball into the crowd and a riot and left to Heyman's face. Another Carolina player, Don Walsh, charged Heyman from behind, sending all three sprawling. "I was hit three times and had been spit at during the whole game before I started to fight," said Heyman later.

The 10 Durham policemen that Duke had hired specially for this game broke up the ensuing free-for-all involving players and fans.

"I didn't start it, I didn't start it. Please believe me," croaked Heyman, cried to Bubas on the bench. When film showed Heyman was right, Bubas told his player Duke would back him. "I would expect a son of mine to fight back after what Heyman took," said Bubas.

Attack and counterattack

The first postbrawl difficulty was almost ludicrous, but highly indicative of the tense situation. During half time of the game Heyman had brushed off a Carolina male cheerleader who had touched his shoulder. A Durham attorney and North Carolina alumnus saw the incident and swore out a warrant charging Heyman with assault and battery. When the cheerleader refused to testify, the attorney had him subpoenaed.

A local paper headlined, ART HEY-

MAN ACCUSED OF ASSAULTING CHEER-LEADER. "It was awful," said Heyman. "I like I'd attacked a girl." Last Monday, flanked by three Duke attorneys and before a courtroom packed by 300 spectators—"I felt like Al Capone"—Heyman saw his case quickly dismissed.

On Tuesday, while the team went to Winston-Salem for an important game against Wake Forest, Heyman and Bubas waited at Duke for Jim Weaver, the Atlantic Coast Conference Commissioner, to mete out punishment for the North Carolina riot. Weaver ruled that the two Carolina players had started the fight, but that Heyman counterattacked too passively, and suspended all three from conference games this season.

Duke appealed, delaying the suspension, and then reced Heyman at 90 mph to Wake Forest where he arrived in time to score 31 points. But a hot Wake Forest team made a remarkable 81% of its shots and gave Duke its third loss in 20 games.

Suspension upheld

Next day the team went to Washington to play Maryland. Heyman and Bubas, however, flew to Charlotte for the appeal before the ACC executive committee. Weaver was upheld, meaning Heyman could not play in coming games against Maryland, Virginia or North Carolina.

On Thursday, while Frank McGuire was charging Weaver with "a personal vendetta against me," an attack so blunt it gave rise to rumors that McGuire was planning to leave North Carolina, Vic Bubas was trying to pull his Duke team together for a basketball game. "I've said you aren't a one-man team," he told them in the dressing room at Maryland. "Now prove it."

When Duke took the floor trying to protect its first-place position in the conference standings, Art Heyman was sitting in a radio booth high above the stands in the Maryland field house. He was caged and frantic. He took an announcer's cigarettes, shredded them into loose tobacco. He chewed up a plastic cup top. He tore up a statistics sheet.

"I didn't deserve this," he said, wondering how things had exploded out of all proportion around him. "How could they do it to me? We've got to beat Maryland." Minutes later he brightened. "God is fair. O.K. I

Well after what happened this week He's got to even it up by letting us win tonight."

Duke was sluggish, and it is just as well the players couldn't hear a ringing Art Heyman shouting down at them from on high like a voice of judgment as the game progressed: encouragement, abuse, praise and denunciation. Finally, it became obvious that Duke would lose. "They're awful tonight," Heyman said, resigned and almost gentle. "It's funny about a lot of players down here. They are doctors' sons and lawyers' sons and all that. Maybe they're too nice. They don't seem to give quite as much to the game as we do in New York. You know who plays the very hardest here? Me. And those guys like Doug Moe at North Carolina." Maryland won 76-71, and Duke fell to third in the ACC standings.

Fortunately, for Duke, Heyman will be able to compete in the ACC playoffs. North Carolina is ineligible (the NCAA has ruled McGuire's underdogged railroad was too plucky), and Duke is the favorite to win and represent the conference in the NCAA championships. What's more, Duke has Heyman for two more years, an outstanding freshman team and a fine young coach—the signs of a power on the rise in a section that has a fanatic interest in basketball.

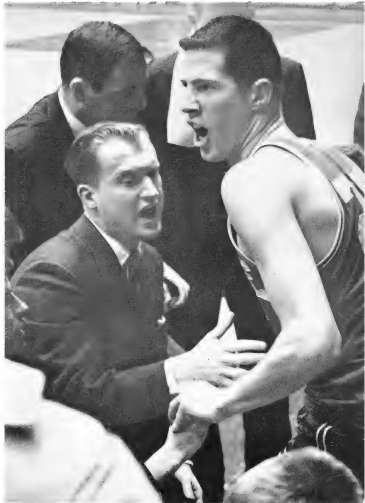
But it was the present that was bothering a disgruntled Vic Bubas as he stood outside the Duke dressing room after the Maryland game, performing the stereotyped rites of defeat before the press.

"Yes, Maryland deserved to win," he said. "No, no comment on the officiating. Yes, Duke has good boys and they tried hard. Yes, a 17-4 record is a good one."

When the last reporter had drifted off, Bubas dropped the mask. "Oh Lord," he whispered to himself, banging his hand against the cement wall. "Oh Lord"—and surely he might have been speaking for Frank McGuire and the Carolina cheerleader and Commissioner Weaver and the baker who had used the light-blue icing—"What a year this has been!" **END**

Photograph by Jim Zell

SHOOTING HEYMAN Even time-out in Wake Forest game, as Coach Vic Bubas attempts to rouse his exasperated star.



SAFE DRIVING: PART III

THE FUN OF FOUL WEATHER

by PAT MOSS

Champion Rally Driver



Few persons in the world have had more success in overcoming hazardous road conditions than Miss Moss. Sister of Britain's Stirling Moss, she has twice been the European women's rally champion and has won numerous events in weather as foul that few cars finished. Whether negotiating an ice-glazed road in the Alps, as at the right, or an axle-deep ford in England (next page), she always is in command of her car, and you will be too if you use the techniques she describes below.

It seems a curious thing to say, but sometimes the very worst driving conditions make for the best driving. In European rallying, where I have done most of my driving, it is the dreadful roads and dirty weather that lend spice to a sport which otherwise might become painfully insipid and tame. Looking back on 50 major rallies, I can recall: tempestuous storms with blue lightning in Germany; black ice on the slants and switchbacks of the French Alps; unbelievably pocked and dust-laden roads in Yugoslavia; fogs in England so deep that water splashed into the side windows; impenetrable fog in several countries, as well as an imposing variety of ice, snow, rain, sleet and mud.

Often, particularly in my earlier days, I thought seriously of getting off the road and into the safe comfort of an inn, but it has become second nature for me to drive on, whatever the weather. I find that I actually like handling automobiles on ice and snow, and I have never enjoyed it

more than in the 1969 Monte Carlo Rally, when in deepest winter my co-driver Ann Wisdom and I won the women's section of this supreme test.

Later we won outright the important Luge-Rhone-Luge Rally, which had its fair share of foul weather. This was the first absolute victory for women in any of the rallies counting toward the European championship. It helped disprove, I hope, the old slander that giving cars to women is like entrusting babies with bottles of ink.

In point of fact, there are many women who drive abominably, but so are there men, and they are all at their worst when confronted with villainous weather and extraordinary road conditions—in other words, typical rally conditions.

I think their difficulties are largely caused by apprehension. Most drivers feel inadequate, get flustered in emergencies and fall back on their instinctive reactions, which are often all wrong for the trouble at hand.

Now obviously I cannot hope to

persuade the reader to share my enthusiasm for motoring on slippery pavement, and I do not mean to imply that I dole perversely on all the nastier aspects of driving; I abhor fog and mud. But I do know that there is a reasonable solution to nearly every road problem. Given an understanding of proper technique and a reason to believe in himself, almost any motorist can take the fear and danger out of foul-weather driving.

Building up self-confidence, of course, takes some doing, as I discovered the day my brother Stirling took me out to show me how to drive my first sports car on packed snow. Already well on his way to becoming a master racing driver, Stirling was an expert instructor but not a very patient one. I was driving as we returned to the family farm at Tring, northwest of London. As I turned into the gate, the back of the car went around and hit the gatepost. I was terribly upset over having dented my beautiful new car, but Stirling just

continues





TAILSPIN ► IN THE ALPS

"Coming round a wet hairpin bend, I've started to skid toward a steep drop-off. In the middle picture I am steering in the direction of the skid to regain control. The bottom picture shows how quickly I was able to do so. The problem in this situation is to overcome one's instinctive reaction which is to jam on the brakes and to steer the wrong way."

WATER IN SUFFOLK

"Slow and steady is the way to take a ford (left). Rattling through this one, I am trying to disturb the water as little as possible to avoid drowning the engine and getting water into the exhaust pipe. After driving out, I applied the brakes lightly several times to dry them out."





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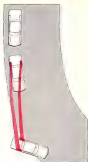
BRAKING ON AN ICY BEND



STRAIGHT-AHEAD SKID results when an experienced driver jams on brakes in panic, locks front wheels. Correct way to brake on ice is to pump pedal gently.



CONTROLLED SKID by advanced driver is induced by hand brake, which affects rear wheels only. With perfect timing, driver swerves wheel, eases through turn.



UNCONTROLLED SKID occurs when an expert driver locks rear wheels too long, slides off road even though he is correctly attempting to steer in direction of skid.

SAFE DRIVING *continued*

laughed and laughed and laughed.

In these circumstances one learned quickly. One learned, above all, never to freeze in an emergency. A tendency to freeze is the most conspicuous failing of the inept driver. If he begins to lose control of a situation, his involuntary reaction is to slam on the brakes. That may be the right thing on a dry road, but when the pavement is icy it can be disastrous.

Brakes, steering wheel, throttle—all the controls—must be used more gently when it is slick below. Merely getting underway can be a problem. If you try to start in bottom gear with a heavy foot on the throttle, you simply spin the rear wheels and get nowhere. The effective way is to use a higher gear and so little throttle as possible, then accelerate very gradually once you have begun to roll.

As you proceed, you automatically use that extra bit of caution required when the going is slippery and the tires haven't their normal bite, but caution alone is not enough. You cannot, for example, creep up an icy hill. If you try, you won't have sufficient momentum to reach the top, and the

wheels will begin to spin uselessly as the pull of gravity brings you to a stop. Now you must either back down or shove the nose of the car around (if you try this method, be sure to have someone in the driver's seat) and then drive down. Once you are at the bottom, get far enough away from the hill to work up sufficient speed to make it on the second attempt.

Coming to the top of an icy hill, you must prepare for the descent before you reach the crest. This usually means shifting into a lower gear so that you may use the engine as a brake on the downgrade. The wheel brakes are of little or no use since they will lock at the slightest application

and rob you of steering control. Staying in a high gear leads to overrapid speed buildup which cannot be controlled safely by the brakes. Slow and shift down, then, before you begin to descend, and nurse your way gingerly down the slope.

It is when you have had no warning that ice becomes a serious problem. Once, going down a steep mountain road is the Monte Carlo Rally, I hit a patch of black ice—snow that had melted and refrozen. It was indistinguishable from the road surface itself, so I had no idea it was there until my car simply took charge. I had no brakes, no steering, nothing. The car was going straight toward the edge of the road. Had it gone

continued



SKID ON ICY STRAIGHT can happen with startling suddenness when wheels get unequal traction. Above, driver rightly steers in the direction of initial skid, but he overcorrects, causing car's tail to swing to the other side before straightening out.

TIRES AND CHAINS



NORMAL TIRES (left) give best traction when roads become icy. Snow tires (next) are best in light snow, shallow mud. For



deeper mud and heavier snow, regular chains should be used. Reinforced chains (right) are particularly helpful on glass ice.



SAFE DRIVING *continued*

over we would have been in for a precipitous tumble down the mountainside. But, fortunately, the car hit a stone or ridge and bounced back to the inside. That taught me a lesson I shall never forget. If the weather is cold enough for ice to have formed, drive prudently enough on hills and bends to cope with the ice or whatever else should suddenly appear.

Key curves on the flat are much less taxing than hills or a combination of grades and bends, but they bring as astonishing number of drivers to grief. In the first place, it is never easy to calculate exactly how much to slow for a given curve. It is always best to err on the slow side. An inexperienced bad-weather driver approaching a slippery bend too fast often will put on the brakes and slide ahead off the road without giving himself a chance to negotiate the bend at all. Or he will steer into the curve and then find the back of his car swinging round. If he freezes at the wheel, he will go into a full spin.

The thing to do first, before entering the curve, is to pump the brakes gently to bring one's speed down. This is the cardinal point to remember whenever the brakes are used on any kind of surface on which the tires cannot get normal traction. If the rear wheels still break away in the curve, the next step is to steer in the direction in which the rear wheels are skidding (see illustrations on pages 47 and 49). Use neither the throttle nor the brakes as you maneuver to regain control. And be careful not to steer so sharply or for so long a time that the car wants to fishtail around in the other direction.

I sometimes find it convenient to use the hand brake to help get me through a bend I have come upon too fast. I steer into the bend, then put on the parking brakes momentarily with a quick up and down movement of the hand lever. Since only the rear wheels are braked, the tail of the car slides around. If my timing is right this gets me pointed in precisely the right direction so that I then have only to accelerate gently through the

curve, using corrective steering to keep the tail from swinging around too far. In short, I induce a controlled slide rather than wait and scramble out of a slide that will come anyway.

This is a technique to be used only if it has been mastered on a closed course where it can't conceivably harm anyone. It should also be used only with cars having a suitable brake lever. If, for instance, the brake must be pulled on and then released with a kick pedal, or a time-consuming twist and push, you should not try the hand brake. It is always wisest, of course, to have one's speed down so that coming can be done without extraordinary maneuvers.

But, as I said, I like to drive on ice and snow—especially when my mood is up during a rally. I can't say the same of mud. Mud is desperate. Driving on it—or in it—is rather like driving on ice. You must brake much earlier than you normally would, and when you are stuck in it you must prevent excessive wheelspin if you are to get out for, unlike ice, mud is gooey and yielding. It also splatters the passenger who is so unlucky as to have to get out and push.

I am thinking now of Ann Wideman, who had to do so in last year's Alpine Rally when we took a wrong road and got the rear wheels into mud in turning around to go back. Rocking back and forth—using first gear and then reverse—sometimes works in this situation, but it didn't this time, and poor Ann had to take her mud bath.

Sometimes it is not necessary to fall into the direct line of fire. It may be enough to stand on the rear bumper out of the way of flying mud. The added weight in back may produce enough traction to pull the car out.

Fog is not so messy as mud, but it is just as troublesome. When it closes in I do not recommend a tactic once used by Stirling; he had his manager,

IN MUD, SNOW AND FOG

ADDING WEIGHT to the rear wheels (right) increases traction when wheels spin in snow, mud. For greater visibility in night fog, use low beams (bottom). Light from high beams (middle) is diffused upward, also back at driver.



Ken Gregory, sit on the hood with his legs extended to probe for obstacles as Stirling crept through the muck. I do suggest that you proceed very slowly, hugging the side of the road and keeping your eyes constantly on the edge as a guide. Use your fog lights, if you have them, or your headlights on low beams. When the beams are raised (see opposite page) the light is reflected off the fog, forming a white blanket of light that is impossible to see through.

If you encounter deep water, whether at a ford or on a street where the storm sewers have backed up because of heavy rain, slow down immediately to crawling speed and drive carefully through the water, churning it as little as possible. Barging through too fast, you may splash enough water into the engine compartment to drown the electrical system. If you frequently must cross floods in everyday driving, you may find it desirable to coat the coil and distributor with one of the waterproofing preparations on the market and put rubber caps on your sparkplug leads.

There is some item of special equipment for every imaginable road condition, and your safety depends to a considerable degree on how well you outfit yourself. I personally would not be without a nylon towline in winter, for I well remember the day I drove miles into a snowdrift in a Canadian rally. I hitched the line to a car that happened by and got out rather painlessly.

I always use special rear tires for winter driving, either knobly snow tires or spiked ones, which have recently come onto the market in Europe. They are not yet available in the U.S. I rarely use chains—changing normally takes up too much time

wheels are driven. Its usefulness is particularly dramatic when one wheel is on, say, ice and the other on dry pavement as the driver prepares to start. Limited slip differentials can be installed at extra cost either at the factory or later.

Be certain that your windshield wiper blades are functioning properly. Straining to see through falling rain or snow is a bad enough job at best; it is intolerable when the blades streak and smear the glass.

Be aware, too, that bad-weather or bad-road driving is far more fatiguing than routine motoring. Stop more frequently for rest, fresh air and refreshment. And though I use wake-up pills myself on long, nonstop rallies, I urge you not to. Get too little sleep and use too many pills and you will see things that aren't there, as I did in the 1967 Liège-Rome-Liège Rally. On one section in the Alps I imagined I saw the same black cat at the apex of each successive bend, and at each one it jumped aside just in time to escape the car in front of me. "Isn't that cat quick?" I said to Ann. She brought me to my senses. Another time she threw her hands in front of her face and cried out. She imagined we were driving through a sea of burning cars.

In general, the hazards of the road aren't so menacing as the average driver might think. Use common sense and a light touch and you can cope with the worst of them in reasonable safety.

END

ABOUT THIS SERIES

The rest for the "Safe Driving" series was prepared for publication by Staff Writer Kenneth Ratner, assisted by Reporter Eupasia Prunop. The illustrations by Dan Todd were developed from research supplied by Reporter Mary Jane Hodges.

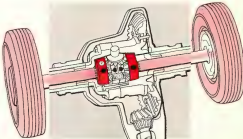
and limits speed too much for rallying—but I can appreciate their value on long stretches of snow-packed road.

It would be handy, also, to have a bag of sand and a collapsible small shovel in the trunk. The weight of the sand alone increases traction on slippery surfaces. Spread ahead of the rear wheel, sand can give the tires a grip on ice. And when one's only recourse is to dig out of a snowdrift the shovel is invaluable.

Installing a limited slip differential (see below) is a worthwhile investment for drivers who have unusual difficulty with wheelspin on ice, mud and packed snow. The trouble with the ordinary differential arrangement is that the rear wheel with the least traction absorbs most of the driving power. Limited slip insures that both

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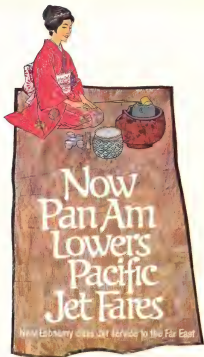


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The not-so-old oldsters

The seniors was sentimental over their
own tournament at Dunedin,
but they play like the tigers of yore



RONALD TESCHER, SENIORS' SPONSOR, HOLDS WINNERS' TROPHIES

Anyone who recalls the name of Paul Runyan very likely knows some of the words to Bandleader Ray Noble's 78: *You Thought of You*. Both were big in the '30s. Last week at Dunedin, Fla., a lot of those old Noble addicts and/or their contemporaries were delighted to watch Paul Runyan win another exciting golf tournament, even though it had to be at the expense of Jimmy Demaret, who, at 60, is only two years younger than Runyan but nonetheless familiar to a much younger group of golfing fans.

The tournament was the PGA Seniors' championship, an event for codgers over 50. Judged simply by the kind of golf that was played, no one would ever have guessed that the entrance requirements for this tournament had anything to do with age. Runyan's four winning rounds were 67, 70, 72, 65—10 under par on a course that played considerably harder than many of those on the regular pro tour. With the notable exception of Runyan himself, who is still the same trim 5-foot 7-inch 142-pounder he was in his heyday, the only clue to the senescence of the contestants would have been their waistlines and a certain snowy tendency in the hair.

The way Runyan took charge of the tournament on the final day will remind a great many people of the uncompromising competitor who twice won the PGA Championship in the '30s and five times won a place on the Ryder Cup team. As he teed off on Sunday, Runyan was two strokes behind Clarence Dorr, a teaching pro from Galthamberg, Md., who led after the first three rounds and was playing in the threesome just behind Runyan. In Runyan's threesome and trailing him by three strokes was Demaret, playing in the Seniors for the first time.

During the early holes all three went over par—Runyan with some erratic tee shots and Demaret with a tendency to draw his short iron approach shots into trouble to the left of the greens. But as they warmed to their work they backed away at par, and yet Demaret could never come any closer than two strokes of catching Runyan. It was then that Runyan's loose-jointed buggy-whip swing—something he would never dare teach his pupils at his home club in La Jolla, Calif.—began to function precisely. With Demaret never easing the pressure for a minute, Runyan rebuilt his lead with three birdies on the final nine holes.

Behind them, Dorr had been playing every shot as if it were his last in this world, but his touch had left him, and he finished with a third-place 75, losing six strokes to the 69s of Runyan and Demaret.

After holing out his final putt on the 18th, Runyan doffed his little yellow cloth hat, managed one of his few smiles of the week and set off at a dogtrot down the path for the clubhouse. In a moment he was on the long-distance phone to his wife in California to tell her the good news in his shrill Arkansas accent. "Kin the boys for me," he said before racing back to get his winner's cup and a \$1,500 check.

Runyan's acceptance speech must rank among the most grateful ever made at a sporting event, and it also said a great deal about the way the older pros feel toward this tournament. "Except for making the Ryder Cup team the first time," Runyan said in part, "I ain't never about winning this championship than anything I have done in golf. It has become more important to us who compete in it than anything except our jobs and our families."

One must concede that for thrills and gutsy action, a golf tournament for seniors sounds as if it might be

(Continued)

is a league with quips and shuffleboard. At first glance at Dunedin (pronounced done eden) this seemed a reasonable assumption. The village lies a little bit north of St. Petersburg, in the elders' belt of resort towns on the sun-soaked waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Someone once said that this part of Florida must be a lot like heaven. No wings have sprouted yet but just about everyone has snow-white hair and not a rare in the world. It is certainly an appropriate place for the oldtimers of professional golf to gather for their annual midwinter championship and gambet, as they've been doing since 1945, when the tournament, then eight years old, moved to Dunedin.

Watching the seniors play golf is a useful lesson in the subtle art of getting the most results out of the least effort. They don't wow you with stupendous drives, but they make up in finesse what they lack in power. A great many of the older ones—

those above 55 like Gene Sarazen (58), Willie Hunter (69), Pete Burke (55) and Mike Brady (73)—learned to hit the golf ball with their wrists and hands and never developed the extreme body motion that characterizes the best of the players who came along in the last quarter century. As a result, the aches and pains and stiffness that usually accompany the years past 55 haven't disfigured the grace of their motion when they swing a golf club.

For the first 17 years of the tournament, the PGA Seniors was strictly for fun. Over the protests of some of its younger members on the tour, the PGA put up a modest prize of \$2,000 in the early years, and an elderly golfer had donated the A. K. Burns Trophy. It went along like that as a two-day, 36-hole event where a few dozen club pros and aspermatized champions could meet to relive some of their past glories.

It wasn't until Schieffelin & Co. discovered the tournament that it took on the patina of a big sports

event. The New York firm that imports and distributes Teacher's Highland Cream, which, as any self-respecting tippler knows, comes from a distillery and not a cow, was looking for a way to promote the product. They got hold of their Madison Avenue ad agency. Golf is the Scottish national game, so why not tie in golf and Scotch? They ran the idea up the flagpole, and it waved gloriously.

Fortunately, Ronald Teacher, the current chairman of Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., had himself been a low-handicap golfer in his prime. He agreed to put up the money.

The gimmick, as they say on Mad Ave., is roughly this: thirty-four sectional championships around the U.S. are open to all PGA members over the age of 50. The winner of each sectional championship gets his transportation paid to and from Dunedin, but any other PGA member over the age of 50 is welcome to enter the tournament on his own. Teacher's pays all the costs of promoting and staging the tournament



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and puts up \$15,000 in prize money. In addition to the winning prize (\$1,500) and the Teacher's Trophy, the champion gets another \$1,500 to cover an all-expenses-paid trip to Britain in the summer, where he meets the British Seniors champion for the Teacher International Trophy. This has been going on since 1954, the year Teacher's got into the act.

It is one of the blessings of the Seniors' championship that Ronald Teacher has adapted himself so disarmingly to the role of sponsor. A ruddy, stocky little Scotsman of 64 years who is far more noted in the home country for his yachting than his golf, Ronnie Teacher stands smilingly around the first tee at Dunedin for six days—as conspicuous a fixture of the tournament, in his London-tailored tweeds, as Gene Sarazen, a two-time winner, is in his knickerbockers. "My biggest problem," Teacher says over a wee doch-and-rock, "is keeping the directors at home. They all think they ought to be over here helping me. Now what possible help could I need at this sort of work?" he asks, eyeing his spot of Highland Crown.

Although the Teacher's name is omnipresent at Dunedin, Teacher himself is the softest of salesmen, almost diffident in his quiet friendliness. And in view of the approximately \$50,000 he puts up each year to make the Seniors' possible, so one—least of all the pros who enjoy it so much—would begrudge his company a little unobtrusive advertising.

That is why one incident on the opening day of this year's tournament put everyone in such a flap. Ronnie Teacher was on the starting tee that morning having his picture taken presenting checks for expenses to the various sectional winners as they were teeing off. One of these was a little pro named Tony Penna, who designs clubs and supposedly spreads good will for the MacGregor Co. of Cincinnati. Tony refused to pose with Teacher, and he waved aside the proffered check with a sneer, giving the general impression that he considered the sum inadequate.

Fortunately, there was only one Tony Penna among the 362 pros at this year's Seniors' championship. The others seemed to agree with old Mike Brady, who said: "It's about the best time we oldtimers have all year."

END

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The Spirit of Adventure

MYERS' RUM

Myers' Flavored Punch: 1 cup sugar, juice 1/2 lemon, 2 ccs. MYERS' RUM, Jamaican Rum, dash grenadine. Shake with ice, add soda to taste.

MYERS *Jamaican* RUM

Some call it enchanting. Some call it robust, others vivacious. Whatever your word, you'll agree the flavor of Myers Rum is distinctive, delicious. Its rich, spicy flavor is essential for the very best rum drinks. But then, a dash of Myers can make any cocktail memorable. If you have a taste for adventure, try Myers Rum—the spirit of adventure!

'TAYLOR SPINK IS FIRST-CLASS'

by GERALD HOLLAND



Who says so? Why, Mr. J. G. Taylor Spink himself; the colorful, volatile publisher of baseball's favored weekly newspaper, 'The Sporting News,' can just about prove he is absolutely right

For some time now I have been exposed to the unique personality of Mr. J. G. Taylor Spink of St. Louis, 72-year-old publisher of the 75-year-old *Sporting News*, a weekly journal long acknowledged (by itself and almost everybody connected with the game) to be baseball's bible.

I feel it necessary to confess at the outset that, in consequence of my ex-

posure to Mr. Spink, I am not now a well man. I jump when the telephone rings in my apartment, for I know it will be Mr. Spink. I have an unlisted number that the telephone company assured me would be given to no one—with the possible exception of the New York Police Department in the event of an emergency. Mr. Spink got the number, Heaven knows how.

continued

Glowering over his spectacles, Publisher Spink reads story of his life to Mr. Holland



I am at present living on canned soups. My living room is littered with papers and documents sent to me by Mr. Spink. The desk in my office is buried under messages to call long distance operators in St. Louis. I have given up trying to shave because I keep cutting myself.

I brought all this on myself. There is no one else to blame. I had been warned that in volunteering to prepare a monograph on the career of Mr. Spink I was asking for a kind of editorial hurra-

"Better, sir," I said.

"Food poisoning, was it?"

"Yes, Mr. Spink, sir," I said, "plus what the doctor called an acute anxiety neurosis. But everything's fine now, sir." (I had invented these ailments in earlier attempts to placate Mr. Spink.)

"O.K., O.K. Did you call Larry MacPhail?"

"Well, not yet, sir," I said.

"I just talked to MacPhail on the phone. He said he hadn't heard a word from you. Now take this down."

"Yes, sir?"

"Larry will be coming up to New York from his Maryland farm this weekend. Try him at the Essex House. If he's not there, he'll be at the New York Athletic Club."

"I'll contact him sure, Mr. Spink, sir."

"Good. Talked to Willard Mullin yet?"

"You mean the sports cartoonist on the New York World-Telegram and Sun?"

"Well, certainly, hell, yes!"

"Oh, I've got him on my list, Mr. Spink."

"Well, get moving there, boy. Mullin's going to Puerto Rico in a few days."

"I'll nail him before he gets away, sir."

"Good, good. Now is everything all right with you, kid? You're sure that bellyache is O.K.?"

"I feel fine, just fine, Mr. Spink, and I want to thank you for calling. I certainly do appreciate your help. Please give my very best regards to Mrs. Spink."

"I'll do that. Look, why the hell haven't you gotten in touch with Shirley Povich on the Washington Post?"

"I'm going to, sir, really I am. I've already talked to Bob Addie of the Post. Great fellow, does a wonderful column for you, sir."

"Povich," said Mr. Spink, "has been writing for me for 25 years. He's got a million stories about me. You ought to get on the ball here, boy. Before you know it, these fellows will be taking off for spring training."

"Oh," I said, "you can count on me, Mr. Spink. I'm really rolling now. I'll contact MacPhail this weekend, I'll get Mullin and Povich on the wire right away and, Mr. Spink, I can't thank you

enough for your interest and I'm certainly grateful for this call. Give my best to your son, Johnson, and goodbye, Mr. Spink."

"Hold the wire!" yelled Spink. "Don't hang up there! I'm not finished!"

"Sorry, sir," I said.

"What did Branch have to say?"

"Who was that, sir?"

"Branch!" roared Spink. "Branch Rickey?"

"Is Mr. Rickey in town, sir?"

Mr. Spink swore an oath.

"Hell, no," he roared, "he's not in town, he's in Fox Chapel outside Pittsburgh. I gave you his private number last time I called. Do you mean to tell me you haven't contacted him yet?"

I was breathing heavily. "Mr. Spink," I said weakly, "his virus condition of mine—"

"Take this number down again," ordered Mr. Spink.

"Yes, sir?"

He read off the number slowly enough for a child to get it right the first time.

"Get it?"

"Yes, sir!" I exclaimed, "and I'll call Mr. Rickey as soon as you hang up."

"O.K., kid," said Mr. Spink, "you ask Branch about the old days. I've known him for 50 years. Take care of that bellyache, boy. You're no spring chicken."

"No, sir," I said, "I certainly am not."

"O.K.," said Mr. Spink, "I'll be in touch with you."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I know you will."

There was a click in the phone and, for the first time, Mr. Spink was gone. Shakes, I put down the phone and fell back in the chair. I felt like a man tripped, almost like a criminal against whom damning evidence was slowly being accumulated. Why had I not called Povich? Where was my mind when MacPhail sat waiting on his Maryland horse farm for the call Mr. Spink had told him to expect? Was it just possible that Branch Rickey would put out a public statement of the bald truth that I had lost his private telephone number? What of Mullin, the cartoonist? Suppose he had decided to take an earlier plane and was even now on his way to Puerto Rico?

Now in the world had I pinned myself into this corner? I thought I had planned everything so carefully. I had



Now Johnson (left) shares lunch with Spink (right) despite his fast-paced editorial duties.

ment that is unmatched in the annals of any form of journalism. Scores of Mr. Spink's own correspondents, working newspapermen in major and minor league cities, had told me how they were awakened at all hours of the night by calls from Mr. Spink. They said there was no way to hide from him if he went all out to track you down.

I had a call from Mr. Spink only a few hours ago.

"Hello," he bellowed in the gravel-voiced tones that are instantly recognizable to baseball people everywhere. "How are you, sweetheart?"

decided, based on what I knew of Mr. Spink, that it would never do for him to learn secondhand of my intentions to write a story about him. So I had set out to do all the preliminary research I could, working secretly.

I examined all the back issues of *The Sporting News* that I could lay my hands on. When I had finished, one impression stood out above all others. It was this: few men in their lifetimes have seen themselves acclaimed in print as frequently and as extravagantly as J. G. Taylor Spink. The fact that the print was his own scarcely diminished the validity of the tributes paid to him.

The high commands of the Army and Navy and Air Force had saluted him for getting 400,000 copies of *The Sporting News* into the hands of baseball-hungry servicemen every week during World War II. President Franklin D. Roosevelt himself had written Mr. Spink a fan letter.

The Elks had hailed Spink. The Rotarians had praised him as a good neighbor. His own contributors (and other writers) had vied with each other in trying to express precisely the exalted position of Mr. Spink among the great figures connected with our national game.

One man compared Spink to Paul Revere. Another described him as "baseball's violent Yesuvin." Still another compared his editorial energies to those of "a souped-up bulldozer." He was called "the watchdog, the conscience of our national game." The final accolade seemed to come when somebody coined the phrase, simple but all powerful in its eloquence: Mr. Baseball.

It did not seem likely that this title would ever be topped. But it was. One of Mr. Spink's most trusted contributors (one of two he keeps on a guaranteed annual retainer) at last conceived what all the other admirers had been groping for through the years. Dan Daniel, a New York sportswriter, envisioned Mr. Spink as Moses on Mount Sinai, clutching to his breast the Ten Commandments of baseball.

Having completed this much research, I felt it was time to swing into action. So I sat down at my typewriter and wrote a letter to Mr. Spink, boldly stat-

ing my intention to write a story about him and *The Sporting News*.

Twenty-four hours later I came to my desk and found five messages to call Mr. Spink. I decided to pretend to myself that I was out of town. That afternoon I received a telegram which said that Mr. Spink would have no objection to a personal interview in St. Louis.

Now I was free to tip my mitt here and there. I confided in some New York sportswriters.

"Tell me," I asked one sportswriter, "what real purpose does *The Sporting News* serve? Is it absolutely necessary, essential to baseball?"

"Well," said the sportswriter, "can you imagine show business getting along without *Parade*?"

"Impossible," I said. "Nobody would know what was going on in show business all around the country."

The sportswriter held up a hand, signifying that the point had been made.

"Well, why do you write for Spink?" I asked. "Is there a lot of money in it?" The sportswriter shook his head. "Three bucks fifty for a one-line note, \$10 for a paragraph lifted from a story or column, \$50 to \$75 for a full-page original piece. Spink makes out the weekly payroll personally. He may throw in a \$100 bonus at Christmas time. It adds up. But the important thing is that by writing for Spink I can go anywhere in America and baseball people know my name—not from my New York job, but from the stuff I write for Spink."

I called up a man I knew to be a lifelong friend of Mr. Spink.

"Spink isn't speaking to me," he said. "Gee! What happened?"

"I wrote a letter to Sports Illustrated complimenting the editors on one of the special baseball issues. Spink saw it and considered it an act of disloyalty. He wrote me a blistering letter asking if I had ever heard of a publication called *The Sporting News*. He doesn't mind what you people do with golf or sailing, but when you mention baseball, he considers it an invasion of *Sporting News* privacy."

There was a few seconds' silence and then the man said, "I don't know any man so completely dedicated to his pa-

per as Taylor Spink. I think he is one of the best of the great personal journalists. He has given his paper every ounce of his energy for half a century. He knows his field more thoroughly than many editors of big-city newspapers know theirs. I think that, working with the same resources, he could have whipped William Randolph Hearst in any big city. Spink is in a class by himself. If he had covered the theater he would have produced something like *Parade*. Hell's bells, if he had started with a peanut



Major problems: CANONICAL PRINCIPLES—OF COURSE! IMPORTANT REVENUE—IN A LOOSE SENSE.

stand in Times Square, he'd probably own both sides of Broadway by now."

I put in a call to J. Roy Stockton, the former sports editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* now living in St. Petersburg, Fla.

"Roy," I said, "what about Spink?"

"He's sore at me right now," said Stockton.

"What did you do to offend him, Roy?"

"I accepted a place on a baseball committee. Spink had another candidate for the spot."

"Do you hold any grudge?"

continued

"Grudge? Look, if I held a grudge against Taylor Spink for every time he got sore at me, I would never have lived to enjoy my retirement down here."

"It must be sheer hell to work for him."

"No," said Stockton, "he's essentially a fair guy. I don't say that most of his employees aren't terrified of him, but they've learned that no matter how tough he gets with them, he'll come around later and apologize. Give them a raise or a free trip or a day bill on a local hotel. Deep down, Spink is really kindhearted."

"Roy," I said, "I can't quite square that with what I've heard so far."

"Well, listen," said Stockton, "Some years ago Lloyd McMaster on the *Post-Dispatch* had a terrible misfortune. He was living out in the country and his house caught on fire. It was the dead of winter, and Mac barely had time to grab up an old pair of pants and get his wife out safely. Together they stood shivering in the bitter cold and watched their home burn to the ground."

"Go ahead, Roy," I said, "I'm taking notes here."

"Well, when the news reached the *Post-Dispatch* office all of us stood around shaking our heads in sympathy. Poor Mac, we said, what a lousy break. Out at Sportman's Park, I'm sure that Branch Rickey said a prayer for Mac. But nobody did anything—nobody but crusty old Taylor Spink. He roared up to Mac's house in his big Cadillac, ordered Mac and his wife into the car and took them to his own home and kept them there until they could find another place to live. That's Spink for you; he's always there in the clutch."

"Well, thank you, Roy," I said, "I'm looking forward to meeting Spink."

"Just do what he tells you and you'll be all right," said Roy.

"Oh no, Roy," I said, "maybe I didn't make myself clear. I'm not doing this story for Spink. I'm doing a story about him. He can't tell me what to do."

"My friend," said Roy Stockton, "that's what you think."

We said goodbye and I put down the phone. It was time to go to St. Louis and face Spink in his den.

I arrived late in the day and put in a call to Mr. Spink. He could not have been more cordial. He said he would pick me up at 9:30 the following morning and take me with him to the offices of *The Sporting News*.

At 9 a.m. I was having breakfast when a bellboy handed me a message. It was a confirmation that Mr. Spink would be coming by at 9:30. I began to eat a little faster. At 9:15 I received another message. This reported that Mr. Spink was on his way from his home in Clayton, a fashionable suburb of St. Louis. I gulped down my coffee, hurried to my



Mrs. Spink advises her husband's blunt way of "speaking up."

room, grabbed my hat and overcoat and rushed back down to the lobby.

At 9:29 a.m., a uniformed chauffeur entered the lobby. "Mr. Spink's car," he announced. I sprang forward and revealed that I was his man.

Outside, seated in the front seat was Mr. Spink. I had not seen him for years (as a native St. Louisan I had been aware of him all my life), and I saw at once that he had lost a great deal of weight. His face was lined and there were bags under his eyes. But the fire was still in them.

"You remember me as being fat," he said, reading my mind. "Well, I used to weigh 220. That was when I was a beer and ale drinker. Twenty years ago Paul Ricketts, one of my editors, and I made a pact between us that we'd quit drinking and smoking. I've never had a drink of any kind since that day."

Mr. Spink introduced me to my com-

panion in the back seat. He was Carl Felker, for 30 years an editor of *The Sporting News* and its highly prosperous sister publication, *The Sporting Goods Dealer*. Mr. Felker is now retired, but he had been drafted by Mr. Spink to assist me in preparing my story.

At his Washington Avenue headquarters Mr. Spink was greeted brightly by a pretty receptionist. "Good morning, my dear," he said, then added out of the side of his mouth: "Do I know how to pick 'em or not?"

Inside, we marched down a long row of desks leading to Mr. Spink's private office. Loudly, he hailed the workers by their first names. "Good morning, Joe, how are you, Susan, hello, Mabel." Shining faces smiled happily back at him: "Good morning, Mr. Spink, good morning, sir, beautiful morning, sir!" Everybody had a sort of well-scrubbed look, the girls were uniformly attractive, the men resplendent in their white shirts that seemed starched to their limit of tolerance.

We entered Mr. Spink's handsome private office. Frances Schriever, his secretary, rose from her desk to greet us. She is a handsome lady with a rosy-cheeked complexion that owes nothing to Arden or Rubinstein. (I was later to conclude, after hearing some of the robust language Mr. Spink uses in her presence, that her complexion might well be a sort of permanent blush.)

"They say I'm tough," growled Mr. Spink. "Well, how about this—same secretary for 34 years, same wife for 46." He plucked a fresh flower from a vase on his desk and put it in his lapel.

There were several manuscripts neatly arranged on Mr. Spink's desk. "Give me just a minute to look this stuff over," he said. I sat down in one chair in front of the desk, and Carl Felker took the other. "Here's something for you," said Mr. Spink, turning around and taking a book from the shelves that line one wall of his handsome paneled office. The other walls are filled with plaques and citations in praise of Mr. Spink. "I'll autograph this and you can take it

with you," he said, signing the flyleaf of the book.

"Thank you, sir," I said, taking the book. It was entitled *Judge Landis and Twenty-Five Years of Baseball* by J. G. Taylor Spink. I knew this book well. I knew, too, that, strictly speaking, it had not been written by Mr. Spink. According to the testimony of dozens of sportswriters, it was the work of one of Spink's oldest contributors, a former newspaperman named Fred Lieb. But, the legend goes, when the book finally went to press, Spink himself had so worried and fussed away at the manuscript that he considered the book to be his alone. Graciously, on publication day he had presented an autographed copy to Fred Lieb.

Mr. Spink has written almost nothing himself, although his byline is a familiar one both in *The Sporting News* and *The Sporting Goods Dealer*. There is a column in *The Sporting News* known as *Looking the Leap with J. G. Taylor Spink*. It has been written through the years by a succession of sportswriters. Once, in *The Sporting News*, there was a lively three-part series by J. G. Taylor Spink about Larry MacPhail. It described vividly a visit by Mr. Spink to MacPhail at his farm in Maryland. It told of Spink driving down the long driveway to MacPhail's front door and quoted MacPhail himself greeting Mr. Spink with loud cries of "Hello, Taylor, old man, come in, come in and meet the family." In subsequent installments, MacPhail showed Mr. Spink around his stables, sat up half the night with him, recalling old baseball yarns and discussing the future of the game. It was "Taylor" this and "Taylor" that for three straight issues.

Mr. Spink had not visited the MacPhail farm at all. The series was the work of a New York sportswriter who actually did make the pilgrimage to the MacPhail estate.

The knowledge of these journalistic deceptions certainly did not shock me. Newspaper proprietors have been signing their names to the work of underlings almost since the invention of the printing press. As a matter of fact, J. G. Taylor Spink has a clearer title than most purchasers of ghostly manuscripts. He demands revisions and rewrites—fre-

quently with the simple objection that "this doesn't sound like me." By the time the thing is done to his entire satisfaction, it is not surprising that he truly believes the work to be his own.

Mr. Spink cleared his throat. I looked up. He was holding one of the manuscripts in his hand and peering at it through eyeglasses halfway down his nose. I judged that the work in hand was a piece scheduled for publication in the next issue of *The Sporting News*. It was not. It was an "autobiography" that had been prepared overnight for my benefit.

Raising his voice, Mr. Spink began to read aloud. "I was born," he intoned, "in St. Louis on November 6, 1888, the day that Benjamin Harrison was elected president of the U.S. My father was Charles C. Spink and my mother, Marie Taylor, my father, before coming to St. Louis, had been homesteading in North Dakota with his brother, Fred. Another brother, Al Spink, had come to St. Louis. It was Uncle Al who founded *The Sporting News* in the year 1896. He conceived it as a weekly paper that would cover baseball, racing and the

theater. Uncle Al was crazy about the theater and, as a matter of fact, was destined to go broke producing a theatrical turkey entitled *The Doty Wives*."

"Uncle Al did not smoke or drink nor did he always pay his bills promptly. When he got *The Sporting News* under way, he telegraphed my father and offered him a job at \$65 a week. My father accepted the offer promptly. When he arrived in St. Louis, Uncle Al met him at the train, promptly borrowed his watch and took it to a pawnshop. With the \$10 obtained as a loan on the watch, Uncle Al took my father to a restaurant and blew the tenner on a dinner of celebration."

Mr. Spink read on. He told how eventually his Uncle Al devoted more and more time to his racing and theatrical interests and how control of *The Sporting News* passed to his father, Charlie. It was Charlie's vision (although his circulation was only about 3,000 copies a week at the time) that *The Sporting News*' best chance was as a straight baseball paper.

The elder Spink fought hard for the establishment of the American League in 1901. He became a fast friend of the

continued



BREEZY HEADLINES are Spink's pride. Above translated: Frank Lane will make \$100,000 in new job at Kansas City, will boss Joe Gordon, man he fired at Cleveland.

league's founder, Ban Johnson, and young Taylor—seem to join the paper as office boys—made Johnson his hero. Spink's one son (he has a married daughter) is named C. C. Johnson Spink, after old Ban. For years Spink encouraged the legend that he made an annual pilgrimage to lay a wreath on Ban Johnson's grave. Cynics say he may have made the trip once.

It was a lively manuscript that somebody on the staff had prepared for this reading. But throughout Mr. Spink gave no hint that the work was not his own. He told of meeting his wife, the former Blanche Keene and how he had been written at once. He recounted how he had hurried home to tell his mother on the night he had proposed and had been accepted. His mother did not congratulate him but picked up the telephone and called Blanche to congratulate her. Mr. Spink's mother, a five-foot fireball who weighed no more than 100 pounds, was a great character in her own right. She worked at her desk at *The Sporting News* almost until the day of her death. Like her son, she could swear like a Marine sergeant, and old hands recall memorable occasions when mother and son stood together, roaring their oaths and shaking their fists—not at each other—but at some injustice done to baseball or *The Sporting News*.

An hour had passed and Mr. Spink read on and on. At one point, when he referred to the death of his father, 47 years ago, he choked up and handed the manuscript to Carl Felker. Felker read a paragraph or so before Mr. Spink recovered and gruffly ordered Felker to return the document.

He read of the days when the immortal Ring Lardner worked on *The Sporting News*. He was a miserable failure as a desk man. It was young Taylor (as he now recalls it) who encouraged Lardner to write some of the stories about his travels with the Chicago ball clubs. These were published in *The Sporting News* as *Pollux Paradoxes* and were destined later on to grow in Lardner's mind into his classic *Five Knew Me*. Al, even so, Lardner could not take the inside work under old Charlie Spink, and he

left the paper to work in Boston and go on to his triumph in New York.

I glanced down at the Landis biography in my lap. I recalled that it told of Taylor Spink's famous feud with baseball's sainted hardware, its first commissioner, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Landis, a vain man, became infuriated when a *Saturday Evening Post* article written by Stanley Frank in 1942 referred to Mr. Spink as "baseball's belching Roosevelt" and, for the first time in a mass circulation magazine, as "Mr. Baseball." It was in reviewing the Frank article for *The Sporting News* that Daniel, the New York sportswriter, referred to Spink as Moses on the Mount. This was too much for the judge. He took away from Spink the right to publish baseball's *Official Guide* (along with the \$10,000 subsidy that went with it) and undertook to publish the indispensable record book out of his own office. He made an ugly mess of it. Whereas Spink had had the *Guide* in the pocket of sportswriters in time for spring training, when they needed it most, the first Landis version did not appear until July.

Spink had pleaded his case before the judge. He said he had no control over the *Saturday Evening Post* article and he had promised Daniel not to charge a word of his review. Thus, he was powerless to delete the reference that depicted him as baseball's Moses.

Moreover, Spink said, his own mother had been angry both at the *Post* article and at Daniel's review for the reason that neither made mention of her at all. The judge was adamant; he threw the case out of court, and Spink did not find favor with the commissioner's office again until A. B. (Happy) Chandler had taken over the job. This time Spink took no chances. He flattered the new commissioner in print, complimented him roundly in person on his singing of *My Old Kentucky Home*. He became Chandler's court favorite and was rewarded with exclusive news stories that sometimes infuriated his own correspondents among the working newspapermen. Dan Parker of the *New York Mirror* moved in his column that Chandler move his offices to *The Sporting News* build-

ing in St. Louis to save stamps and telephone tolls.

Mr. Spink raised his voice. Perhaps he had noticed that my mind was wandering. I snapped to attention in time to hear the concluding paragraph of his manuscript.

"Taylor Spink," he read unenthusiastically, "is first-class. Everything he does is first-class. He travels first-class, he works first-class. He nightclub first-class and he tips first-class. His paper is first-class. He demands the best and he gets it. Those who comply are well rewarded."

The reading was over. It had taken about 90 minutes. Mr. Spink shuffled the papers, favored them with a clip and handed them across the desk to me. The implication was clear: my work was done. With the Landis biography and the prepared manuscript all I had to do was use a modicum of common sense in putting the two together.

At this point, Johnson, Mr. Spink's mild-mannered 44-year-old son and heir apparent, spoke up respectfully. He had been snapping pictures during the reading of his father's life story.

"Paps," said Johnson, "we're all invited to a luncheon the major leagues are giving for all the managers and the press."

We were off in a few minutes. At the luncheon, held in a banquet room atop the Chase Hotel, sportswriters crowding the winter meetings crowded around Mr. Spink and greeted him loudly and affectionately as "Colonel," a title conferred by "Happy" Chandler when he was governor of Kentucky.

After the luncheon I proposed that we get a picture of Mr. Spink with Joe Cronin, the president of the American League, and Warren Giles, president of the National. Now these men were in separate and secret sessions, wrestling with their summery. To interrupt them was a sacrifice roughly comparable to breaking in on a band of bishops at prayer. But Mr. Spink ceased word to be sent in by courier and, in a twinkling, the league presidents emerged and soon were posing, arms locked in fond embrace, with Mr. Spink.

That evening I had dinner with Lloyd

Fun for a foursome



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McMaster of the *Post-Dispatch*, the writer and editor who had been taken in by Mr. Spink on the night the McMaster house had burned.

"Spink called me today," said McMaster over a cocktail. "He heard I was having dinner with you."

"How did he get wind of that?"

"Spink gets wind of everything."

"What did he say?"

"He said for me to tell you something good about him."

McMaster sipped his drink and added: "It was the first time I had heard from him in over a year."

I stared at him incredulously. "But I thought that you and Spink were pals. I thought you used to help him out in the evenings, reading copy and writing headlines for him."

"I did," said McMaster. "for years. But about a year ago he got mad at me."

"What did you do?"

"I went on vacation, and when I got home I let 24 hours go by without calling him."

"Are you sure at that?"

"No," said McMaster. "I understand him. He'll get over his peeve."

"You still like him?"

"You can't stay mad at Taylor," said McMaster. "If I needed a real friend tomorrow morning, he'd be the first to come barging on my door."

Next day I visited the *Post-Dispatch* offices and went to the morgue and asked for the file of clippings about Mr. Spink. There wasn't anything in there I didn't already know. On the way out, I stopped in the sports department to say hello to some of my old colleagues.

"Spink just called," said the sports editor, Bob Broeg.

"Yes?" I said. "What did he want?"

"He wanted to know what you were up to snooping around our morgue. I told him he had nothing to worry about. I said you were harmless, O.K.?"

"Fine," I said. "fine. I'm beginning to feel more harmless every minute."

I had a luncheon date with Carl Felker, Spink's retired editor, at a restaurant on the western edge of town. Halfway through our chopped steak, there was a call from Mr. Spink. Felker went

continued

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to the phone. When he came back he said that Mr. Spink had suggested that we pay a visit to Mrs. Spink at the Spink home.

Spink lives in a mansion on Polo Drive, just past the western city limits. There are three cars in the garage: a Chrysler New Yorker, a Thunderbird and an Eldorado Cadillac. Spink is a rich man, though *The Sporting News*, the love of his professional life, did not make him rich. His wealth comes from *The Sporting Goods Dealer*, the trade journal whose advertisements sometimes swell it to the proportions of a big city telephone directory. There has been some income from Spink's shelf of books, mainly statistical, but there are more of a service to baseball than money-makers.

We sat in the great and lovely living room of the Spink home with Mrs. Blanche Spink, a most attractive lady of charm and vitality. With typical Spink forthrightness, she smiled and said, "I don't know why you're doing a story about Papa. We all loathe and despise *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s special baseball issue."

I didn't know what to say. Mrs. Spink smiled again and said, "I like people who speak up, who have something to say. That's why I like Frank Lane [the new general manager of the Kansas City Athletics] and that's why I was attracted to Papa when we first met."

"Papa—Mr. Spink," I said, "certainly speaks up and I find him fascinating. On the other hand, Frank Lane never shuts up and I consider him to be the biggest bore in Christendom."

That impressed her. We were getting someplace now. "Tell me, Mrs. Spink," I said, "about some of your vacation trips. I've heard that Mr. Spink once flew to Florida to see War Admiral run. When he arrived at the Miami airport, he was told that War Admiral had been scratched, so he got on the next plane, without visiting the race track, and flew home."

Mrs. Spink nodded. "Papa," she said, "can be very restless. He loves the theater, but I don't think the two of us have ever seen a complete play together. Either he misses the first act or gets an idea be-

tween acts and rushes back to the office."

Mrs. Spink thought a moment and then she said: "Yes, I like people who aren't afraid to speak up. One time, I remember, Papa and I planned to fly to Carmel, Calif. for Thanksgiving. The plane was delayed more than an hour at the St. Louis airport. This made Papa fretful. Then we finally took off, but at Kansas City there was another long delay. Papa was fit to be tied. Again we took off. We hadn't been in the air 15 minutes when the announcement was made by the captain, 'We are returning to Kansas City because of mechanical difficulties.' Do you know that nobody on the plane had gumption enough to speak up—except Papa?"

"Did Papa have something to say?"

"Papa," said Mrs. Spink as graciously and as charmingly as if she were entertaining the local minister, "Papa jumped to his feet and cried out, 'Son of a bitch! This is a hell of a way to run an airline!'"

Happily, my teacup did not break as it fell to the richly carpeted floor. I murmured my apologies, but Mrs. Spink comforted me in her soft, cultured voice and rang for the maid and asked if I would like another cup of tea.

I said I thought not. I thanked Mrs. Spink for the visit and made my way unsteadily to the door. At the door, I turned and asked my final question: "Did you ever get to California on that trip, Mrs. Spink?"

"Oh, no," she smiled. "Papa was fed up. We took a plane back to St. Louis and had Thanksgiving dinner at home."

"Oh. Well, goodbye, Mrs. Spink. It's been wonderful meeting you."

"Come any time," said Mrs. Spink.

I told the waiting cab driver to drive me to my hotel. There I called the airlines and got a place on a jet departing that afternoon. Back in New York, I settled down to collect my notes and my wits. And then the calls from Mr. Spink began.

Since the last one, described at the beginning of this report, I have pulled myself together. I phoned Branch Rickey and Larry MacPhail, too. Then, taking the offensive, I pulled a switch: I called Mr. Spink. I told him that MacPhail and Rickey, those archenemies, who have been feuding for years, agreeing on nothing under the sun, did agree on one thing: that J. G. Taylor Spink

had done more for baseball than baseball could ever repay.

What had he actually done? He had won no great crusades. *The Sporting News* had fought the Federal League, but that was the popular thing to do. He had worked with Ban Johnson to gather evidence in the Chicago Black Sox scandal, he had campaigned for better minor league ball parks, he had opposed the establishment of Rickey's own Continental League—but here again he was echoing the major league party line.

What he had done, principally, was to bog to press each week a journal complete with the story of all baseball from the majors to the lowliest of the minors. He had done this, sometimes, at a financial loss. He had kept baseball's books straight; he had been invaluable to writers, to scouts, to all the more dedicated fans whose appetite for baseball news and figures is never sated. He had mood for good things, he had spoken out against some bad things. He had maintained a great faith in the national game, he had preserved a great personal integrity on the big issues.

Not too long ago, Stan Musial, the great star of the St. Louis Cardinals, made a speech at a testimonial dinner honoring Spink. "He belongs in the Hall of Fame," said Musial. There was applause that rattled the chandeliers.

Of course, J. G. Spink is not eligible for the Hall at Cooperstown under the rules. Journalists, no matter how talented or devoted, are not considered to be candidates.

I asked Branch Rickey about this. "One day," he said, "perhaps not in Taylor's lifetime nor in mine, looking back down the long corridor of the years, someone will recognize the unique contribution of Taylor Spink to the game. The rules will be changed to accommodate him. Of that I am certain."

It would be nice if the rules could be changed a little earlier. For although Spink has been called Mr. Baseball and compared to Paul Revere, to Mount Vernon, to Moses the patriarch himself, the one overwhelming impression a man takes away from an exposure to him—despite the plaudits, despite the plaques that fill his office walls—is that John George Taylor Spink feels shamefully unappreciated.

END

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YESTERDAY



LITTLE ERNIE CALVERLEY DRIBBLES BY KENTUCKY'S WAR WAR JONES IN THE NIT FINALE

Skinny and his hopper

Ernie Calverley made a shot in the NIT 15 years ago that is still remembered today

by MAURY ALLEN

During the 1945-46 basketball season, an improbable 5 foot 10 1/2 inch, 140-pound center named Ernie Calverley led a fast, high-scoring Rhode Island State team to a record of 18-2. Calverley regularly gave away a foot or more to opposing centers. But he could jump, he could dribble, he had an abundance of basketball poise and—best of all—he could shoot. He shot with either hand, with both hands and, it sometimes seemed to the opposition, with no hands. He scored over 1,800 points in his four-year varsity career, including a nation-leading 534 as a sophomore two seasons before.

Calverley was the man who generated the Rhode Island State Rams' exciting rare-horse style of offense. It worked so well, even after the regular season was over, that the Rams found themselves in the championship finals of the National Invitational Tourna-

ment against the mighty Kentucky Wildcats. Featuring All-America Jack Parkinson, strong-shooting Walt Whit Jones and a flashy freshman named Ralph Beard, Kentucky had been seeded first in the NIT and was an 11 1/2 point favorite in its game with Rhode Island.

Both teams were used to scoring heavily, but in their championship game the points came slowly and rarely. Rhode Island's run-and-shoot offense was slowed down by the Kentucky defenders, and the Wildcats elected to play a deliberate weave, taking only good shots.

The game went down to the final 40 seconds, tied at 45-45. Then Calverley fouled Beard. Beard stepped to the line and calmly flipped in the free throw. Rhode Island got the ball but couldn't get off another shot, and Kentucky won 46-45.

It was Calverley's only mistake of the tournament, and it cost Rhode Island the championship. But what was remembered about that surprising series was less Rhode Island State's loss than the fact that they were in the finals at all. For despite the brilliance of Calverley and his

colleagues



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Skinny and his hoper continued

team's outstanding record, Rhode Island was lightly thought of by the experts when the NIT started. The team was unseeded and almost uninvited (they had been the last to be chosen).

Rhode Island lacked height. Its biggest man was 6-foot 1½-inch Bob Shea, and in that first postwar year, giants such as St. John's Harry Boykoff (6 feet 9"), DePaul's George Mikan (6 feet 10") and Oklahoma A&M's Bob Kurland (7 feet) had already started to dominate the game.

Rhode Island's first opponent of the tournament, on March 14, 1946, was Bowling Green of Ohio. Centered by one of the biggest giants of them all—6-foot 11½-inch Dan Otten—Bowling Green was a crushing favorite to eliminate the Rams at once. When the hulking Otten, 13 inches taller and 130 pounds heavier than Calverley, stood next to the Rhode Islander in the middle of Madison Square Garden, the large crowd (a record 18,458) gasped. "The big fellow figures to enjoy a field day under the basket," commented one reporter.

The pattern of the game was set right from the start. It was Bowling Green feeding Otten underneath for short layups against the long shooting of Rhode Island's Shea, Al Nichols and Calverley. Bowling Green seemed only to lean for their rebounds; Rhode Island had to vault. But the Rams vaulted high enough, made enough one-handed shots and had enough speed to lead, 35-34, at half time.

In the second half, with Calverley directing play, Rhode Island still hung on, desperate for every break. Bowling Green simply concentrated on feeding Otten, and it seemed that their superior strength and size would soon wear down the Rams.

The lead bounced back and forth, the score was tied seven times. With three minutes left, Otten, who scored 31 points, faded out. With only five seconds left and the score tied for the eighth time, Bowling Green made a basket to go ahead 74-72. Rhode Island immediately called a time-out.

"We sagged in the middle of the floor," recalled Calverley recently. "We couldn't talk to the coach on the sidelines as the players do today. Everybody was mumbling together. We

finally decided I would throw up a hoper." Calverley explained that a hoper was a long shot "with a lot of prayer on it."

Rhode Island put the ball in play from its own backcourt. It was thrown to Calverley near the Bowling Green free-throw line. He quickly heaved the ball toward the basket at the far end of the court.

"It was a regular two-handed set shot. It might have looked like an



CALVERLEY LEAPS HIGH TO SHOOT BALL

underhanded shot to a lot of people because I threw it with a leap, but it wasn't," said Calverley.

The ball had a perfect arch. It was straight enough, and it was high enough. "While it was going through the air," Calverley said, "I was wondering if it had enough distance. What a pleasant sound when it cracked the cords! I was as surprised by it as the next guy."

The ball had traveled almost three quarters the length of the court. It was reported as the "longest, most amazing shot ever made at the Garden." It was later measured, according to Calverley, as 58 feet. It tied the score for the ninth time just as the buzzer sounded.

The overtime period was almost an anticlimax to Calverley's heroic shot. Rhode Island State won 82-79, and six days later, nearly pulled off the biggest upset in NIT championship history.

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The casualty list of beaten favorites in one week was startling. While conference championships—and postseason tournament bids awaited decision, Duke, Kansas State, UNC, Mississippi State, Vanderbilt and Texas Tech, among others, fell with a disturbing final. But Ohio St., the new Mid-American Conference champion, automatically moved into the NCAA while the NIT hungrily snatched up Miami (Fla.), Army and Dayton. The NCAA, too, began to fill its field for the small-college regional tournaments. Already picked: Cape Girardeau (Mo.) State, Fairleigh (Conn.), North Carolina State, Southern Illinois, Wakelee, Chicago, and Youngstown.

THE MIDWEST

It seemed that at long last the jig was up for unbeaten Ohio State. For more than 36 minutes, Iowa, poked up like an old leech tube after losing four regulars through academic deficiencies, had outmaneuvered, outshot and outlasted the supposedly invincible Buckeyes

while 13,500 let-staring Hawk supporters howled for the kill at Iowa City. Don Nelson, Iowa's sharpshooting forward who scored 27 points, had been more than a match for OSU's superb Jerry Lucas, who scored 25. But Ohio State never lost its poise—or its great talent—even when it was behind 58-32 with 3:36 to go. The obstinate Buckeyes turned to their half-court press, pulled off four quick steals for 10 straight points, the last four by Larry Siegfried and sub Gary Grawhart, and subdued the Hawkies 62-61. OSU's Fred Taylor, shaken by the close call, had only one simple explanation: "They just grabbed us off our feet."

Colorado, playing at Boulder, where it is dangerous as a cobra, almost brought off an improbable parlay. The Bulls surprised Kansas State with a haunting press in the first half to go ahead by 18 points, then fought off the surging Wildcats and loaded them out of the Big Eight lead, 81-66. But the same tactic didn't work against Kansas, the new leader. The tricky Jayhawkers moved 6-foot-8 Wayne Highmore to the post, and he filled the baskets with 36 points and plucked off 21 rebounds as Kansas won easily, 99-62.

The Missouri Valley fight was strictly between Cincinnati and Bradley, but the streaking Bearcats held the upper hand. While Bradley lined up on nonconference rival—Sacre Heart, 64-61, and Houston, 69-74, and lost last game North Texas State 105-75, Cincinnati pushed its record to 9-2 by beating Wakelee 67-63 and Tulsa 81-35 and needed only one more win to clinch a tie. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (20-0)
2. CINCINNATI (9-3)
3. BRADLEY (10-0)

THE SOUTH

While Atlantic Coast politics split hairs in executive session (see page 4), strange things were happening on the basketball court. Duke, after losing to Wake Forest 101-95, was stripped of sophomore-star Art Heyman for its remaining conference games. Then the Blue Devils lost to Maryland 79-71 without him and just did beat Navy 78-75 with him. Wake Forest, in turn, found Villanova's cautious offense too much and lost to the Wildcats 60-66. Meanwhile, North Carolina, playing without Guards Larry Brown and Don Walsh,

beat North Carolina State 62-55, South Carolina 92-68 and Clemson 61-53 to assume first place.

Mississippi State was running into trouble in the SEC despite Coach Babe McCarthy's frantic improvisations. Kentucky, sparred on by Adolph Rupp's "Wolf" with McCarthy (and perhaps by the dead snark which State students placed under the Wildcats' bench), beat the Maroons 68-62 at Knoxville. Then, Florida, which had earlier beaten Auburn 78-69, squashed past State 69-51 on Cliff Lay's basket with four seconds left. Vanderbilt, spotted by LSU's outside shooting, 65-63, came back to win over Tennessee 76-70 and, along with Florida, was only a game behind State.

West Virginia, marking time for the Southern Conference playoffs, used its stifling press tooustake Penn State 60-78 and Pitt 92-84. The top three:

1. NORTH CAROLINA (20-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (20-0)
3. MISSISSIPPI (18-1)

THE EAST

Providence, asking for national recognition, thought it could be won by outstriking St. Bonaventure. But the quick Bonnies simply readjusted their own style, snapping Tom Bish dangled the Friars with his jumpers, reverse layups and floating hooks for 28 points, and St. Bonaventure won 85-79. Disillusioned, Providence went back to its deliberate attack and beat DePaul 83-77. However, DePaul very nearly made its eastern invasion a whopping success. Led by jumping-jack M. C. Thompson, the Blue Demons shot an astounding 69% in the first half and led 29-25. Bonaventure by seven points. But the Bonnies recovered quickly and went on to win 78-69.

St. Joseph's enjoyed a most pleasant week among its Philadelphia neighbors. The Hawks reversed past Penn 80-73, then used Bill Hay's clutch shooting to beat Temple 86-83 in overtime for the Mid-Atlantic lead. St. John's won over George Washington 85-80 over Niagara 64-64, Princeton whooped Columbia 90-69 and Cornell 75-57 to move comfortably ahead in the Ivy League; Rhode Island held off Maine 75-66 to clinch a tie for first in the Yankee Conference. The top three:

1. ST. BONAVENTURE (20-1)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (20-1)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (18-0)

THE WEST

Sparks were warm when San Jose State and Santa Clara, the nation's two top defensive teams, met. Both defended passionately (Santa Clara with a zone and San Jose with a man-to-man) and shot sparingly for a total of 59 field goals (18 for Santa Clara, nine for San Jose). The Broncos won, 39-29 on Gene Shields' long hook shot at the basket. But St. Mary's pulled off the biggest



HARREY FORWARD Don Nelson typifies Iowa's tough defense as he reaches out to block a shot by OSU's Lucas.



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we're sort of made for each other," Tony Bettenhausen: "A good many hours of my life I've spent at speeds over one-hundred miles an hour. Many things can happen when you go that fast. Perhaps I've been lucky. But that has nothing to do with the fact that I use Autolite Spark Plugs. That's just my common sense showing." Although Roger Ward, Eddie Sachs, Dan Gurney and Tony Bettenhausen didn't say, "You're always right with Autolite," look at the plugs they use. Take a hint from four tigers and talk turkey the next time you need spark plugs. Ask for spark plugs by name. And Autolite's the name.

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

surprise in the West Coast AC. The Gaels fared *lousy* into their clay Merga gym, Tom Monchey put on some talented 23-point shooting, and they scouted the Lions out of first place, 92-81. Meanwhile, San Francisco beat San Jose at its own defensive game and edged the Spartans 40-39 to take the lead.

Just ready to tighten its grip on the Big Five title, was brought up short at Seattle. Although shot out of its cone early and harassed almost constantly by Trojan Center John Rademacher, who scored 25 points, Washington peaked away determinedly, even after 6-foot-8 Bill Hansen retreated to the bench with five fouls, and the Huskies upset USC 61-55. Now the Trojans are only one game ahead of challenging Washington and two in front of UCLA.

Skyline leader Utah, bugged down in lethargy, finally made it past Denver 67-62 and New Mexico 77-63 on the brilliant scoring (25 and 28 points) of Billy McGill. But Colorado State U. was still only a breath behind the Redskins. CSU played Coach Jim Williams' game of "hide the ball" to beat Utah State 64-58 and Brigham Young 63-55. The top three:

1. USC 29-41
2. UTAN 37-41
3. UOLA 36-41

THE SOUTHWEST

Things were back to a confused normalcy in the Southwest Conference. Texas Tech, which unexpectedly had emerged from the park to take over the lead, was suddenly fighting for its life. While a noisy home crowd of 8,398, including the Texas A&M cadet corps, did its roaring best to disconcert the Red Raiders, 7-foot sophomore Lewis Qualls pushed in eight field goals and deftly flicked away shots, Carroll Brownard lobbed in 20 points worth of jumpers, and the Aggies upset Tech 74-71. Back home in hospitable Lubbock, Texas Tech was more efficient against eager Arkansas. Sick little Del Ray Mounts drove for 31 points, big Harold Hudgens plopped in 24 more from underneath, and the Red Raiders put down the pecky Hogs 97-81 to hold first place. But second-place Texas A&M was still hot on the trail. After some first-half snafolding, the Aggies got together behind Brownard and Pat Stanley and beat Rice 65-58.

New Mexico State, intent on catching Arizona State in the Border Conference race, pounded the Sun Devils with a stinging man-to-man, held them even off the boards and beat them 59-57. The top three:

1. TEXAS TECH 34-30
2. HOUSTON 30-31
3. TEXAS A&M 30-31

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IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



The best evidence in opposition to the muscle-based myth is found in a list of a few of weight training's better-known disciples: Babe Johnson, Don Bragg, Bob Richards, Mel Whitfield, John Thomas, Harry O'Brien, Dallas Long, Dave Davis, Bill Nieder, Fortune Gordien, Al Gerber, Herb Elliott, John Landy, Bill Alley, Al Castelle, Billy Cannon, Alvin Aardre, Pete Dawkins, Jackie Jensen, Ted Williams, John and Ben Kneads, Frank Stranahan, etc.

And still the myth lives on.

KENNETH PROBY

Hobart, Okla.

NO, NO, NYET

Sir:

I was appalled at your suggestion in *SPORTSMAN* (Feb. 18) to name the forthcoming New York entry in the National League the Giants and have our Giants revert to the old Pacific Coast League name, Seals (strictly minor league).

Since I am a San Franciscoan and an avid rooter of our Giants now, I must confess I had never heard of Willie Mays or of any team other than the Yankees or Dodgers for years, since two-age girls have better things to think about.

When the Giants began their glorious career in our city the players consisted mostly of nookies, so the name Giants really belongs to these youngsters who have captured our hearts.

MRS. RICHARD S. KORN

San Francisco

Sir:

Why not call them the Nyeys?

a) For purposes of easy identification, it incorporates the N.Y.

b) It is a convenient short form of "not yes."

H. B. GILBERT

Turkey, Ore.

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Sir:

Regarding your recent article in *Zenblatt* (*Bright New Day for an Ancient Village*, Jan. 28), we have just returned from a cold trip to Switzerland and Austria. We are sorry and apologetic for having contributed to the U.S. gold drain, but eager to reverse the trend. This could be done if the proposed U.S. Tourism Bureau informed skiers both here and abroad:

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About
King Arthur...**



WHEN HE PUT SAFE ATTIRE IN VOGUE

... with the first steel safety chamber armor. And today, to Attire your car with maximum blowout protection and positive safety, it's the Vogue Twin-Air Steel Safety Chamber Tyre ... THE tire with an Independent Air Cushion that Cannot Blow Out... the life-savingest tire yet. So be a Knight of Old about safety and give yourself and your family the life-savingest protection of all by Attiring your car now with a new set of Vogue Tyres. Your Vogue Tyre Dealer is ready and waiting to demonstrate it for you and to show you how easy it is for you to ride on the life-savingest tire yet. It's the Vogue.



See your
favorite car
dealer
or write us.

VOGUE TYRES

VOGUE RUBBER COMPANY
7028 So. Indiana Ave., Chicago 16, IL

PAT ON THE BACK



MARILYN SCHNEGGENBURGER

Neighborhood gym

Until six years ago Marilyn Schneggenburger hardly knew what gymnastics was. Then one night she went with her husband to nearby Buffalo to see the Turners Circus, a sort of gymnastic jamboree. It looked like such fun that the Schneggenburgers decided to go to gym class themselves. Within the year, Marilyn was studying gymnastics in earnest. By last spring, at the ripe age (gymnastically speaking) of 28, she had become good enough to enter the Olympic tryouts. Meanwhile, determined that they should get an earlier start than she

did, Marilyn began teaching gymnastics to her three young daughters in the backyard at Tosawanda.

"While they worked out with me," says Marilyn, "other kids in the neighborhood would hang over the fence and watch. Pretty soon mothers were asking me if their youngsters couldn't try it, too." Marilyn agreed to start some classes, and to her surprise 79 kids showed up.

"Now," says Marilyn, "the neighbors keep asking me if I'm going to have the class again. I love teaching the kids, so I guess I'll have to."

(continued from front flap of this insert)

tie-tack modeled on Air India's famous little "maharajah." A tie box, as you may have observed, is exactly the same shape as a single-column ad, and that was pasted into the cover of every box. And here I go again in my generosity—a free Air India Madras necktie and tie-tack to the first 50 would-be "maharajahs" among you who write for it.

But I think you get the idea by now, without my having to add any more examples. The world of sport, and the wonderful people in it with whom we have become fast friends, are an ideal speed-up tonic for just about any and every imaginable sales effort. Not a bad tonic to take, for that sluggish sales feeling you may have these days.

* * *

Bob Hughes, our Promotion Manager, says (and here's his definition) that merchandising is "everything you can do with your advertising in addition to running it."

However, our merchandising department goes even beyond that. Another of their objectives is to visit, write, call, and otherwise get friendly with dealers and retailers—against the time when you will be advertising in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and you will want your dealers, in whatever line you're in, to hail your decision and keep your SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-advertised goods out front.

The activities of our merchandisers in the nation's leading department stores are the best example of how this is done on your behalf—and let me illustrate this with just one recent instance.

Active sportswear, particularly in the women's field, is a tricky thing for department stores to sell. Your salespeople have to be able to talk intelligently about skiing, boating, bowling, golf, both to beginners, so as not to scare them off their new enthusiasm completely—and to experts, so as to advise them competently and knowledgeably about what's being worn where.

But it isn't always possible, in such a fast-changing field as sportswear styles, to keep salespeople in the know. So recently, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Merchandising's comely Pat Young (assisted by equally comely Joan Williamson in the Midwest) put on a series of 50 before-store-opening breakfast shows on how to talk and sell skiwear and ski equipment for sportswear sales personnel, in 30 leading U.S. department stores.

The stores couldn't have been more grateful for these training shows—and I must confess that were I a sportswear buyer, I think that from then on I might have a certain prejudice on behalf of any merchandise offered to me that bore an advertised-in-SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label.

In the men's apparel industry, as I feel I must have mentioned once or twice before, the influence of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and sport have made themselves felt more than any other single influence since the advent of *Esquire* in 1933. Possibly at the very moment you are reading this, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is putting on another of its now-

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famous fashion shows at the N.A.R.C.F. meeting in Chicago—and also, with us as co-conspirators, Norm Van Brocklin is at the Hanes suite, Slammin's Sam Snead is the star of Manhattan Shirt's Great Stylists of Sport, and Marlene Bauer Hagge is hosting for Eastman Kodak, all at the same N.A.R.C.F.

* * *

So I don't want to belabor the point any more. Obviously, you are the kind of advertising man who, like the people at Campbell's Soup, likes to "begin with the best." But frequently, in this ever-more-competitive business we find ourselves in, what we do with our advertising after we get the best is what separates the men from the boys.

And my sermon is that very few forces in today's United States can heighten the salespower of an advertising campaign better than can the force of sport, and over these last few years, not many people have learned to use sport as effectively as (blush) we have.

Salesmen are by nature competitive, or they wouldn't be salesmen. They respond to the competitive spirit of sport, and to the real-life personalities of those men and women who best exemplify it, just about as well as they do to any motivating force. And as I said earlier, I would be hard put to think of any sales or marketing problem that couldn't be helped by a judicious injection of the excitement, the color, and the up-to-the-minuteness of sport, as administered by good old doctor SI.

I think that you would be surprised at how little this medicine would add to your merchandising budget, too.

There's only one hitch. Your advertising must be in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** before our merchandising can go to work for you. But that's a problem you can do something about right now. As the town's leading transportation company used to advertise in my old college newspaper, "A ring brings the truck."

Pete Callaway
Advertising Director



Another adventure in one of the 81 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 50.4 PROOF •
IMPORTED BY HIRSH WALKER IMPORTERS, INC.,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Ambushed "Down Under" by a 300-pound clam!

1. "Even as I was going down," writes George Laurens, an American friend of Canadian Club, "I was afraid I'd put my foot in it. I was used to deep water—and to scuba diving—but I wasn't at all prepared for what I found on Australia's Great Barrier Reef. With some skin-diving acquaintances, I made the descent just off the coast near Cairns. The water was alive with jelly fish—and they stung like mad. But that was to be the least of my troubles. Just as I was skimming the bottom, I saw the gaping open shell of a giant clam. And I was headed straight for it!



2. "Kicking my fins, I narrowly missed that ugly 43-inch tray just as it snapped shut. 'Clearing up' to the contrary, these big babies were close tight. But, with air at a premium, it could have been tight enough for trouble!



3. "With block and tackle, we finally managed to get the clam to shore. But it was a mighty struggle. And no wonder! This one monstrous specimen weighed more than three hundred pounds. I couldn't help wondering how many loads of clamshell that would make!



4. "High and dry on the beach, we relaxed and took our pleasure in a welcome drink of the local favorite. Happily, it was the nearest favorite—Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club is the lightest whisky in the world. What's more, it has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite

like it. This happy combination means you can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Try it tonight.

6 years old • Imported in bottle from Canada

Canadian Club



NEW—from the makers of
America's finest cigarettes



Welcome aboard!

These are the new king-size Philip Morris Commanders you've been hearing about. They're made on a new machine, the Mark VIII, that gently vacuum-cleans every bit of tobacco. This is important, because the cleaner the tobacco, the better it tastes. Noticeably better. Have a Commander... welcome aboard.

Philip Morris KING
SIZE COMMANDER

